THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXVI. NO. 50. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14 1898. Single Copies 5 Cents.

WHO KILLED HER?

The Mysterious Circumstances Attending the Death of Miss Marston—Love and Jealousy at Work.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

Miss Ann Marston lay upon her couch near the open window in her room at Marston House. It was a gloomy room with its heavy, old-fashioned furniture and dark draperies. The mistress of Marston House had been an invalid for five years. She was about fifty-five years of age, with thin, determined lips and eyes rendered all the darker by the pallor of her face. A fall five years previous had injured her spine and rendered her helpless.

Miss Ann Marston had never been a handsome woman, and her prosaic life had known but one brief romance. When a young girl she had loved Edmond Morton, the son of the rector of Worcester, the town in which she lived. For a time she lived in a dream of bliss for it seemed that young Morton returned her love. Then a young Frenchwoman, Corinne La Monte, came to Marston House as governess to Ann's younger sister. She was extremely pretty and very fascinating. Edward Morton met her a great deal of her, and one day they eloped together.

Ann gave no outward sign of her sorrow, she was always pale and quiet. The years passed, her parents both were dead, a brother, some years her senior, and her sister both were married. Then one day Miss Marston received a letter from Edmond Morton. He was dying of consumption in London, his wife was dead, he had a little daughter, who, at his death, would be left alone and penniless.

Miss Ann Marston lost no time in going to the dying bed of the man she had never ceased to love. When she returned to Marston House she brought with her a little girl about ten years of age, a pretty little creature with the dark beauty which had won the heart of Edmond Morton. But Miss Marston, remembering only that she was the child of the only man she had ever loved, soon grew to care for her as he cared for no one else on earth.

Miss Ann Marston was a very rich woman, having a handsome fortune from her god-mother which she had increased by shrewd and successful speculation. Margaret, the younger sister, had married a young lawyer in the town. He died after a few years, leaving to his widow and child, a girl, an income barely sufficient to support them comfortably. Miss Marston made a very comfortable addition to her sister's slender income, but did not invite her to make her home at Marston House. The two sisters were very unlike, and there never had been any congeniality between them. Mrs. Rutherford's little daughter, Blanche, however, paid periodical visits to Marston House, upon which occasions she and "that little interloper, Corinne," as Mrs. Rutherford styled Corinne Morton, were constantly quarreling.

When the two girls were eighteen years of age Carroll Marston, the son of Miss Marston's brother, paid his first visit to Marston House. His parents were both dead, he had a small income, and was studying law. He was at the time twenty-six years of age. Two years had passed since then, during which time Blanche and James paid three visits a year to Marston House and it was generally believed that Miss Marston intended dividing her fortune equally among the three young people.

The day that our story opens Blanche and James were staying at Marston House.

Miss Marston lay upon her couch, her face white, her lips compressed, her brows drawn together in a frown which did not come from physical suffering.

There was a tap upon the door followed by the entrance of the butler, Johnson, who, with his smooth-shaven face and severe black clothes, had a clerical look. He was sixty years of age and had been in Miss Marston's service for twenty years.

"If you please, ma'am," he said, "Doctor Orme is out of town, but his assistant is here."

"Very well, show him in," said Miss Marston.

In a few moments Johnson ushered into the room a tall young man, with sandy hair, light blue eyes, and rather womanish features.

"My name is Henry Ashburton, madam," he said, as Miss Marston looked up at him inquiringly. "I am Doctor Orme's assistant. The doctor is out of town."

"Well, I suppose you will do," replied Miss Marston, not too graciously. "I have been mentally upset today, and the consequence is that I am thrown into a spell of pain to which I am subject. Doctor Orme is sometimes able to alleviate my sufferings."

"I think that I can also do so, madam," said the assistant.

At that moment Johnson appeared again at the door. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, "but John Walters is here and begs that you will see him at once. He is going out of town and wishes to catch the next train."

"Very well, show him in," said Miss Marston. "Kindly wait a few minutes, Mr. Ashburton, with this man will take but a short while," she added, turning to the assistant. The young doctor bowed and resumed his seat.

"I say, Johnson, was she murdered for that one thousand pounds I paid her."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Rutherford sat in the pretty little parlor of her cottage. She was a slender, graceful woman, with a fair, faded face, and brown hair just touched with gray.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening.

The door was suddenly thrown open and a young girl came quickly into the room.

"Why, Blanche!" exclaimed Mrs. Rutherford.

Blanche Rutherford was very pretty, rather below the

(Continued on Page Two.)

IF LOVE WERE ALL

The Story of a Man's Temptation—A Woman's Heroism and a Love Too Great for Selfishness.

By CLARA AUGUSTA TRASK.

The sinewy little mountain horse picked his way carefully along the rocky path leading toward the bald summit of the Great Man. Hazy, and mellowed by the distance, the ragged peak lay against the purple blue of the August sky, crowned almost to its crest with the blue-gum growth of the region and sweltering in the hot air of noontide.

Donald Carew lifted his cap and brushed back the loose damp locks of brown hair from his forehead. He had halted his horse for a moment on the plateau, and gazed admiringly around him. A fair and lovely prospect, the wall of silent mountains in the near background; around him, the foothills clothed in their dark evergreen garb, and stretching out below for a hundred miles or more the cup of the lovely San Pari Valley, sunbathed and tropical.

Nothing was wanting to complete this earthly paradise but water. That element alone was needed to make this sunshine-blessed spot spring into blossom and verdure.

The cry of the inhabitants of the valley was for water. The orange and the lemon, the apple of the pine, the fig tree and all the many and varied luxuries of fruit and flower which California ripens for the delectation of the world, all waited for the magic touch of water; and when the prospective irrigation canal, which would hold back the fountains of the beautiful St. Gervaise should be perfected, then would this charming valley become a place fit for the dwelling of the gods.

Carew, sitting there on his horse in the hot glare of the sunlight, thought curiously of the great stretches of Ontario and Superior, for he was fresh from the middle continent. He thought of them as one thinks of something sadly wasted and then his keen eyes sought the scarred outlines of the Great Man marking the white course shown in the seamed expanse which showed him where ran the erratic St. Gervaise, leaping from crag to crag and spending itself in cataracts of foam and wild flashes of silvery spray. But if confined, the St. Gervaise would solve the problem of the San Pari valley for all time.

Carew was an engineer, sent hither by the great Chicago Southwestern Irrigation Company to examine the lay of the country, make surveys and locate the dams and sluiceways which had been projected for the improvement of the adjacent territory.

The previous night he and Marston, his partner, had passed at the cabin of an old sheep herder, at the foot of the mountains, and from him they had elicited many interesting facts.

The herder was a Yankee from away down in Maine and a little gossip was a godsend to his monotonous existence.

From his standpoint it would appear that the irrigation company was likely to experience a good deal of opposition from an old fellow named Ackworth, who had a mill on the St. Gervaise and who claimed a right to the water of the stream.

"Tough old cuss," said the Yankee host, "come of good stock back east, so they say, but has lived up there 'mongst mountains till he's second cousin to a grizzly bear. Grinds a grist now and then, if you happen to git there with it when he's in the right mood and if you don't, you can go back with it the way you come. He's been tell of this water scheme of yourn, and has made his brags as he'll shoot the first man as 'tempts to interefre with his rights.'

Carew had laughed at the old Yankee's serious face as he warned him to look out for Ackworth. The young man had life all before him, with plenty of money at his

back and what was an old man in these God-forsaken wilds to stand in his way?

But jogging up this perpendicular country his thoughts turned to old Ackworth. After all, a man's rights should be as much respected in these mountains as on Broadway, and the company was bound to consider them. Carew said to himself that a few hundred dollars would conciliate Ackworth and he had sent him at once to send bring him to terms.

A sharp curve in the rocky path brought into view a small cabin, roofed with pine and well set in under the shelter of a thicket of evergreens. Smoke was just ascending from the chimney and pigs and chickens swarmed around the doorway.

A little apart from the noisy poultry and the grunting porkers a young girl stood, braiding the mane of a mountain pony and singing softly to herself some snatches of an old Spanish song.

Carew drew his horse up silently and surveyed the picture. He had traveled a good deal in his day and he had seen many fair women, but never the poor of this young mountain beauty.

She wore a faded calico dress, her head was bare and her sunny locks fell back from a face pure and perfect as a dream of the old masters. Her eyes, amber brown in the strong light, and fringed by long lashes almost black, were looking out to the vast blue mountains peaks, and the hand which lay against the chestnut neck of her pony was tanned by sun and weather, small and well formed.

Carew raised his cap as he rode forward. The girl glanced up and a pink flush crept over her soft cheek and reached her curly head. She dropped the mane of her bare feet whisb the scanty drapery of her skirt left uncovered.

"I am a stranger here," said Carew courteously, "and I am seeking a Mr. Ackworth."

He almost dreaded to hear her response lest the exquisite vision of the mountain dialect might break the spell her exquisite wild loveliness had cast over him. But he need not have feared. Her voice was sweet as her face, and if uncultured, it was wonderfully pure and melodious.

She pointed toward the cabin.

"He is in there. You can enter."

Carew threw his horse's bridle over the post and pushed open the door. He was prepared to be all that the herder had represented him to be, and after an hour's conversation with him Carew was as far from obtaining the concessions he desired as at first.

The St. Gervasse was his. The mill was his only means of earning a livelihood and all the irrigation companies might go to the devil. They hadn't money enough in Chicago to purchase his rights.

Carew could not shake him. He foresaw that the old man would be a tremendous stumbling block in the way of the great scheme of the company; but once in the authorized get up business and they would make short work of him and of his ranch. Sheridan old mill, they must yield to the westward progress of the star of empire.

Thoroughly disgusted with Ackworth, Carew was about to start away, when the young girl stood before seen, came up and stayed him. Her lips trembled, and her voice was anxious.

"Did grandfather say you might have the water?"

"So he is your grandfather?" Carew said, studying the blushing face before him, with a curious sense of pleasure that it was in his power to call that delicious color to her cheek. "No, he would not agree to anything. He will think better of it, by and by, he must have talked in a hot surprise."

"No, not that," she said, sadly. "He had heard all about the irrigation scheme. Mignel told him."

"Miguel?"

The rose color deepened to crimson, but she met his inquiring gaze with eyes frank and fearless.

"Who is Miguel?"

"Miguel is—is the man my grandfather says I am to marry."

"And what do you say?"

"I? I say nothing."

Carew pulled his wits together. What business was it of his who this mountain girl married?

"Grandfather will never give up. It is not in Ackworth blood. Oh, sir, go your ways, and let us alone. Is there not room enough in all the wide land for us which I have heard so much, that for every father in St. Gervasse and the old mill."

Carew smiled at her earnestness. The pie-bred children of the old mountain cur scarcely called for so sweet an intercessor.

"Don't distress yourself, Miss—Miss—"

"My name is Osceola," she said, simply. "Osceola Ackworth."

"We will pay liberally for his claim," pursued Carew, "and if he has to once accustomed to the change, he will be delighted with the improved state of affairs in San Pari. Why, the valley at the foot of these mountains will be increased in value five hundred per cent. I am surprised that any man in his senses should stand in the way of such an enterprise."

"But the mountains are my grandfather's friends, and the St. Gervasse is his brother—he is often said so. He loves them and they have comforted him ever since he came across to hide his sorrow and broken life away from the gaze of his fellows. He is old—and he has no son. Oh, sir, I warn you not to anger him. I warn you not to for his vast against you. When he is angry he will hesitate at nothing."

In her excitement she had placed her hand on his arm and he had covered the soft, quivering flesh with his own warm palm. But then she drew her hand away and hid it behind her.

"You need be in no way alarmed, Miss Osceola. Your grandfather shall have his rights."

There was an ominous sound of the creaking cabin door and Osceola sprang away from her companion. Carew mounted his horse and rode away.

* * * * *

Two months had passed and it was late October, with frosty mornings and brilliant noon sunshine. The irrigation company was at work in full force all along the St. Gervasse. All day the sound of the heavy blasting shocked the ravelled mountain air. All day the ceaseless clang of pick and shovel rang out on the flinty bulwarks of the foothills and mingled with the monotonous creak of the derricks as they moved slowly into place the great stones which were to form the foundations of the dam.

This dam was a gigantic and strong one across the St. Gervasse from the base of the Great Man to the perpendicular precipice on the opposite bank of the stream. The reservoir would be three miles long and a half a mile across. The dam was of stone, capped with brush and earth embankments. A concrete sluiceway would convey the water to the valley where it would distribute and bear up to every growing thing.

Ackworth had in no wise abated his animosity toward the Irrigation company. A large sum of money lay in the bank awaiting his signature in papers of transfer, but he stubbornly refused to place his name upon the document, and scarcely ever left upon the bank of the stream, and watched the workmen as they piled up the huge boulders and added inch by inch to every muscle when a powerful blast in the rock beneath had thrown his old mills fragments and scattered the poor old machinery all along the river.

But all the time he had brooded and brooded and mumbled ominously to himself over the loss of his property over the kitchen hearthstone.

Osceola, with all her sinful past, listened and shuddered.

Since that dreadful day in August she had made the young engineer often, and the day was long and dreary in which she did not have a visit from the old herder to the works.

And Carew? In Boston a fair woman watched for his letters—letters which somehow had in them a wonderful fund of information, of intelligence or coldness, maybe, which had never before characterized them. Carew had written to her once or twice some distraction had seized on Donald Carew and it was with a feeling of unwillingness to ascertain its nature. This determined her to join a party of friends who had set out for a winter sojourn in California.

Once Carew thought he loved Lucretia; he had been almost sure of it. Now he doubted if he had ever loved her with any heat, for now he knew what real love was.

Yet he held himself in check. A thousand times he had been on the point of which seemed to set the blood in his veins coursing like fire, the story of that mad passion he felt for her. But there was the irrigation company to think of, the original ever surrounding her that it seemed to ward off all overtures of passion.

Then, there was Lucretia—and there was honor—and there was the opinion of the world in which he lived, the cool, unsympathetic critical world of Boston, which would cut its contemptuous teeth on the man who ever Carew was thinking of himself.

At the close of the day, Carew met in frequent and heavy. The strength of the half-completed reservoir in the mountains between the two companies. The workmen shivered in their frail cabins on the banks of the river and thanked their stars that they might get on with the work. The engineers viewed with astonishment the rise of the river and of water which the St. Gervasse was gathering behind the dam.

"A million! Well, I should rather think so. Why, that water is worth a million dollars and cents, now that the water is under control. But in old Ackworth's hands it is worth more to the richest old cuss. He's got no more public spirit than a mule!"

That night the storm increased in severity. Osceola, lying awake in her little room with kept Osceola awake in her little room under the roof. Her bed rocked in the blast and the roar of the wind in the pine trees was like the pealing of thunder. She arose and looked out upon the storm, but to her it was not in his bed.

Osceola was not in the girl. She rushed down to the kitchen and it was as she had expected—the lantern was gone from its nail behind the door. The door was not in the box of tools. Ever since Carew had come she feared that the old mountain that nameless terror had been the wreck of all contained.

A dozen rods back of the house, the whole stretch of the irrigation dam lay spread out in her view—the huge embankments of the river, in a sort of rock-sheltered glade, where the cabins of the workmen and their white canvas tents of the engineers.

Osceola, hardly aware of what she was doing, peered out through the darkness and saw the dull gleam of a lantern midway on the dam. As she looked a hundred feet below it was not hear the regular thud of the pick, wielded by a determined arm, but the sullen roar of the dam.

Her grandfather was taking his revenge. The waters, unrestrained, would carry death and devastation in their track. And Carew, the young engineer, Carew, the man who was sleeping, all unmindful of the fate that hanging above him! Osceola sprang and her lay that foaming, raging torrent of water, and she would so gladly give her life for his.

There was one forlorn hope, but she would make it.

The pony whinnied in his stall at the call of his mistress. She was but a child of a mountain girl, riding the animals upon his back.

The river wide and dark, flecked with foam, spread out before them, but Donald was on the other side in deadly peril.

Osceola led the pony down to the very brink of the stream before she mounted.

"Now, for it, my darling, my sweetheart," she cried, as she kissed the white star on his forehead; "it is for his life—and mine—"

A moment's hesitation, and the little beast made the plunge. Guided by the nervous hand on his bridle, he struck out for the opposite shore. More than once the current swept him downward—more than once Osceola felt him tremble and sink beneath her. Now, both horse and rider were swallowed up in the swirl of foam dashed from some hidden rock over which the stream plunged with the velocity of lightning, but slowly and surely they were making headway and at last the pony's fore feet struck the solid ground on the soughtfor shore.

The river was already full of wreckage from the dam and the water, yellow and thick with mud, had broken over the banks and was pounding against the frail cabins of the workmen.

Osceola sprang from her exhausted horse, crying out as she felt the cold touch of the creeping water around the marshed feet.

"Donald! Donald! Donald!"

Carew met her at the door of his tent.

"Oh, Donald, he has cut the dam!"

Carew seized her in his arms and with the strength of his knees, bore her up to the safe height of a great rock, behind its vantage-ground. As he did so the girl rose and thundered against their refuge, so had the pony at his heels. He kissed again and again her sweet moist lips.

"My love, my darling!" he cried, "and you risked this for me! God witness me, nothing shall part us."

When the dam went down, as they did suddenly, the ruin was complete. The works of the St. Gervasse were swept away, and many of the unfortunate workmen were buried so deep that they never rekitchen hearthstone.

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WHO KILLED HER.

(Continued from page one.)

medium height, but with a well-rounded figure. He had jet black curls, dark gray eyes, and chestnut brown hair.

"Do you come to see me, or my mother, Mr. Carmona," replied Blanche, "Carroll brought me; he has gone into town and will be back in a few hours. Mr. Carmona is kneeling down beside Mrs. Rutherford's chair, "I have something to tell you, but you are sure have guessed," and the pretty head drooped, "that Carroll and I love each other."

"Yes, I have suspected something of the kind," replied Carmona, with a pleasant smile.

"Well," continued Blanche, "today we went to Aunt Ann and told her; we thought she would be pleased, but, oh, mamma, she was furious."

"Furious," repeated Mrs. Rutherford, her face turning deathly pale.

"Yes," said Blanche, "she informed us that she forbid Carroll to marry Cecilaine."

"Intends Carroll to marry Corinne?" cried Mrs. Rutherford. "Have you any idea why she wishes this?"

"Why, mamma is in love with Carroll," replied Blanche, with a curl of her red lip. "Of course, Carroll does not care, and you know, mamma, how ridiculously devoted she is to Corinne. Aunt Ann has threatened to disinherit him until tomorrow to think over the matter; then if we do not give up our love for each other will disinherit us, and leaving all her money to Corinne."

A cry of dismay left Mrs. Rutherford's lips.

"Oh, Blanche, this is awful! What do you intend doing?"

"Marry Carroll, you would not have Carroll and myself sell ourselves and our happiness for money. Aunt Ann cried the cry. "There is but one thing for us to do, remain faithful and wait."

"Blanche," Mrs. Rutherford, I know not what to say," murmured Mrs. Rutherford, "I only know that you have made sadly disinherit you, but withdraw the allowance from us, and then what will we do? How can we manage to live on my little income? And then there is Carroll; all his prospects ruin by your speedy wedding. Do you know what that means? It may be years before Carroll is in a position to marry and——"

But the girl sprang to her feet, her cheeks pale, her eyes desperate.

"Oh, mamma, do not say any more?" she cried. "You fill me with despair. I hate Aunt Ann! I wish she would die tonight before she has time to make another will."

"Blanche, you are excited and do not know what you are saying," said Mrs. Rutherford, in a shocked voice. "Go back to your aunt, child, and try to reconciliate her, to reconcile her to a marriage between you and Carroll, if it must be. You do not realize what your aunt's anger means to us; it means simply—ruin!"

* * *

As soon as dinner was over Corinne Morton went to Miss Marston's room. The girl was tall, with a full, voluptuous figure, dark eyes and hair and rich coloring. A look of tenderness, which no one else had power to bring there, softened Miss Marston's eye, at the sight of Corinne.

The latter came forward and knelt down beside the couch.

"How are you feeling now, auntie, dear?" she asked.

"The pain is still very severe," replied Miss Marston.

"But you have not taken your medicine," said Corinne, pointing to a bottle, entirely full, which stood on the small table at Miss Marston's elbow.

"No," was the reply, "I am sure that that assistant must have left me morphia. I shall not take it, for I have something to do this evening and want my head clear. Where is Blanche and Carroll?"

"They went away together immediately after dinner," said Corinne. "I think they have gone to Mrs. Rutherford's."

Her eyes fell as she spoke, her red lips trembled. Miss Marston was regarding her steadily, keenly.

"Have you Carroll, child?" she said. "There, do not say anything, I know it is true. I have known for months past, and this why I intend Carroll to marry you. I love you, Corinne, more than words for me than anything else on earth. Listen to me, Corinne. Today, in the presence of Blanche and Carroll, I will alter the will made some years ago in which I divided my property equally among you three. You know from the nature of my disease I am likely to die at any time, and I wish my daughter, leaving no will, my property would go to my sister and Carroll, leaving you to depend on the mercy of the latter. I will cannot rest until I have done so. Johnson and Stims, Stims and Stims and he serve as witnesses. I shall leave all I possess equally divided among you three on condition that Carroll marry. If he refuses then all is to revert to you. This will be my last will and testament. Carroll nor Blanche know anything of the matter. If they do not love you in my place I shall, of course, make another will, leaving all to you. Now, ring the bell and summon Johnson and Stims."

Corinne arose and obeyed.

CHAPTER III.

Doctor Orme, who had returned home the evening before, was sitting down to his breakfast when he was informed that a servant from Miss Marston's desired to see him. The doctor went out and found a man on horseback, who said:

"They have sent me to fetch you, doctor," he said. "Miss Marston is dead."

"What?" cried the doctor. "Did she die in one of her attacks? I feared the disease would get to her heart some time."

"It wasn't that doctor," said the man; "she has been murdered."

"What?" said Doctor Orme.

"Yes, sir; she was found this morning by her maid murdered in her bed. She was lying on her couch by the window and had been strangled to death."

"And have they arrested anyone?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the man. "They don't know even whether the murder was committed in the house or not for he come one who entered by the window."

"I will come with you immediately," said the doctor.

Upon reaching Marston House they found a footman, who had answered the bell, huddled together in the hall. Carroll Marston came out of the library and led the doctor towards the doctor. He was tall, well-built, with dark eyes and hair. Blanche was fair blonde, and very good looking. Both were pale as death and nervous and his eyes had a dazed look of horror.

"I am both grieved and horrified, Mr. Marston, at the awful tragedy which has occurred in your house," said the doctor.

"It is indeed most horrible," replied the young man, passing a trembling hand over his brow with which large drops of sweat stood. "But, come, I will take you to her room."

He led the way to Mrs. Marston's room, which was a little further along the hall.

There were several persons in the room, Johnson, the butler, Mrs. Sims and two men who were evidently the police.

The latter immediately advanced to the

(Continued on page three.)

Digest What You Eat

And your food will give you strength. The trouble with many people is that it is not properly digested. It remains too long in the stomach and causes distress. It does them little good and they become reduced in flesh and strength. These people need Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones and strengthens the stomach and gives it power to digest food. Its cures of dyspepsia are numberless by the thousand, and these cures are constantly taking place. People in all conditions of life testify to its marvelous curative power in restoring the stomach to a healthy condition. If you or any of your friends have dyspepsia, pain in the stomach after eating, nausea, loss of appetite, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and give it the opportunity to accomplish a cure for you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all dealers in medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills cure the best after-dinner pills; aid digestion. 25c.

WHO KILLED HER?

(Continued from page two.)

couch where the dead woman lay. She lay upon her back with her face upturned. It was evident enough that she had died from strangulation, there were livid marks about her throat and her blackened face, bulging eyes and wide-open mouth were most horrible to look upon.

"Was this window left open all night?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied Carroll. "Sarah, my aunt's maid, says that she remonstrated with her mistress about leaving the window open. But the night was warm and my aunt insisted that she must have air."

"Have you any suspicions as to who committed the crime?" asked the doctor.

It was a moment or so before the young man answered, and his voice was low and broken.

"None whatever."

Doctor Orme bent over the corpse for a few moments and then said:

"Miss Marston came to her death by strangulation; she has been dead a number of hours."

Walter Hanham, police detective, had made quite a name for himself in Worcester and the adjoining towns. He was sent to work up the Marston murder.

He reached Marston House just as the coroner had taken his departure. After having closely observed the corpse of the murdered woman, he turned his attention to the room, which he keenly surveyed. Besides the usual bedroom furniture there was on old-fashioned secretaire which stood near a window opposite to the one where the corpse lay. The secretaire was of walnut and the six drawers, three upon either side, had brass knobs. There was a key in one of the upper drawers and this evidently fitted them all.

Hanham, after examining the secretaire, approached Mrs. Sims.

"Can you inform me if Miss Marston was in the habit of keeping money in this room?" he asked.

"I think not, sir, but I cannot say for sure," replied Mrs. Sims, "but Johnson could tell you."

"Who is Johnson?"

"The butler, sir. There he stands. He has lived with the family about twenty years and knew a great deal of her affairs."

The detective approached Johnson. The latter was very pale and appeared much distressed.

"Can you inform me if your mistress was in the habit of keeping money in this room?" asked the detective. Johnson gave a slight start. "For instance, in that secretaire?" added the detective.

"My mistress was not in the habit of keeping money in the house," replied Johnson. "That is any large amount. She paid her expenses with checks."

"I would like to put a few questions to Miss Marston's maid," said the detective; "but not here."

"I will bring Sarah to the library, sir," said Johnson.

He led the way to the library. Hanham entered, and, in a short while, Johnson returned with a middle-aged woman whose eyes were red with weeping. Johnson was about to retire when Hanham stopped him.

"Remain, if you please," he said; "I may wish to question you further."

Then he turned to the woman, saying:

"At about what time did you leave your mistress last evening?"

"I think it was about half-past ten," was the reply. "I left the library when you, Miss Corinne and Mrs. Sims left Miss Marston to retire to bed," to Johnson.

"I think it was about ten to," replied Johnson, speaking with palpable reluctance, "half-past ten," with a half-pause, to the maid. "I entered the room as they were leaving and I was there more than a half an hour."

"Was your mistress in the habit of leaving her door unlocked at night?"

"Yes, sir; she was always afraid that she might be taken ill. I warned to speak to her last night, but she said that she felt tired and would see me to do so. When I entered the room this morning I found her—"

"I will not detain you any longer," said the detective.

As the woman left the room he turned to Johnson.

"What occasioned the presence of yourself, Miss Morton and the housekeeper in Miss Marston's room last evening?" he asked.

Slowly, reluctantly, Johnson replied:

"My mistress sent for me to come up a Mrs. Sims was a witness. Miss Corinne was present at the time."

"Why did Miss Marston make a will under such peculiar circumstances?"

Then there proceeded to relate all the particulars of the disagreement which had arisen between Miss Marston and her nephew, and the reason she had given him, Johnson, for making the will. He had drawn up the will under her instructions, Mrs. Sims and himself signing their names as witnesses. He had placed the will in one of the upper drawers of the secretaire at Miss Marston's desire.

"Where were Miss Marston's niece and nephew while you were engaged in drawing up the will?"

"They were not in the house. They returned a little after Mrs. Sims and I left Miss Marston. I opened the door for them."

"Do you know anything more of their movements?"

"Miss Blanche went up to her room. Mr. Carroll went into the library. A little while later, as I was waiting up in the house, I saw Mr. Carroll leave the library and go on up to his room."

"Do you think it possible for Miss Blanche or Mr. Marston to have learned about the new will?"

"I do not see how it was possible, sir."

The next afternoon the inquest was held. Hanham placed Johnson, the butler, upon the stand to testify to the fact of a disagreement between the dead woman and her niece and nephew; the cause of the disagreement, the engagement of Miss Rutherford and Mr. Marston, of which Miss Marston distinctly disapproved, desiring her nephew to marry her adopted daughter, Corinne Morton. He went on to relate how angry Miss Marston was, the destroying of her will in the presence of her niece and nephew, her threat to disinherit them both if they continued to oppose her wishes.

Hanham established, by Johnson's testimony, that Carroll Marston would benefit very materially by the death of his aunt before she had time to make a new will.

Then Hanham made a great sensation by placing upon the witness stand one of the maids from Marston House who swore that she saw Carroll Marston, between one and two o'clock on the night of the murder, standing in the door of his aunt's room. She was suffering with toothache and had gone downstairs for some oil of cloves. Mr. Marston did not see her.

Carroll Marston was put upon the witness stand and asked to account for his presence outside the door of his aunt's room. He refused to answer the question.

The inquest ended in a warrant for his arrest upon suspicion.

CHAPTER IV.

The funeral of the murdered woman took place upon the following day.

Marcus Caffin of the law firm of Caffin and Rutherford, called to see Miss Dane on many years the dead woman's solicitors, arrived in time to attend the funeral. He was a short, middle-aged man, about fifty years of age.

After the funeral Mrs. Rutherford, Corinne Morton and the servants assembled in the library to hear the will read. As soon had placed in the lawyer's hands, much to the latter's amazement, Blanche was too ill to appear. Mr. Caffin at once following upon the horrible tragedy of her aunt's murder had evidently prostrated her. The doctor feared an attack of brain fever.

A dead silence followed the reading of the will, which document Mr. Caffin sat staring with a deep frown.

Then Mrs. Rutherford rose, white to the lips.

"Since Mrs. Morton is mistress here," she said, "I shall not remain. I leave immediately."

Corinne also rose very stately and beautiful in her black robes. She gave Mrs. Rutherford a long strange look.

"Do you contest the will—of the will entirely settled then?" she asked.

Mrs. Rutherford turned upon a mingled look of contempt, astonishment and detestation. Then, without deigning to reply, she swept from the room.

The lawyer folded up the will, looked coldly upon Miss Morton and spoke.

"Do you think it likely that the terms of the will have been altered?"

"I do not think it at all impossible," said Corinne, significantly, and the lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

An hour later Mrs. Rutherford and her daughter returned to the cottage and Corinne Morton was left in possession of the great, gloomy house over which hung the shadow of an awful and mysterious crime.

On the second day following the funeral a short, stout man, with black hair and small, keen black eyes, ascended the steps leading to Marston House.

The front door was open and just inside the hall Johnson, the butler, stood in conversation with a large, red-faced man.

"I have just heard of the murder of Miss Marston," the latter was saying to the butler Johnson, was she murdered for that one thousand pounds I paid her?"

Johnson started convulsively.

"No, sir, indeed!" he replied, hurriedly, with a frightened glance over his shoulder. "You know Mr. Carroll Marston has been arrested for the murder."

"Mr. Carroll Marston arrested for the murder of his aunt!" repeated the man, incredulously. "Well, I declare."

At that moment Johnson perceived the visitor who had been listening, with very close attention to the conversation between the butler and his companion. A look of fear leaped, for a moment, to Johnson's eyes, then he said, quietly:

"What do you wish, sir?"

"I wish to see Miss Morton," was the reply.

He was shown into the library and in a little while Corinne Morton joined him.

"My name is Sanford, madam," said the man. "I am a detective and have been sent in response to your telegram to Scotland Yard."

Corinne bowed.

"Please be seated," she said. "You, of course, know of the murder which was committed here a few days ago?" she added.

"Yes, I read about it in the papers," was the reply. "It appears that Carroll Marston, murder of the murdered woman, has been arrested for the crime?"

The girl's dark eyes flashed and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"Yes, he has been arrested," she cried, "but he did not commit that crime. Blanche Rutherford murdered her aunt and her lover, Carroll Marston, knows that she did.

The detective's countenance changed slightly.

"This is rather a surprising statement," he said.

"I have very good grounds for making it," said Corinne. "I saw Blanche Morton enter her aunt's room between one and two o'clock on the night of the murder. There is little doubt that Carroll Marston let her into the room. He knows also she is guilty, but he loves her and will go to the gallows to save her, unless he is saved in spite of himself, and this I propose to do. He refused to explain his presence outside his aunt's door on that night because he cannot do so without criminating Blanche Rutherford. You understand my reasons for sending for a detective. If you prove the innocence of Carroll Marston I will pay you five thousand pounds."

"Permit me, madam, to ask you one question," said the detective. "Suppose I succeed in establishing the innocence of Carroll Marston, and this young girl, Blanche Rutherford, should not prove to be the murderess, will you still pay me the five thousand pounds?"

"Certainly," replied Corinne. "The money shall be yours unconditionally, when you prove Carroll Marston's innocence. But how do you fix the guilt of Blanche Rutherford? What was she doing in her aunt's room at that hour? If she went there for some innocent purpose why did she not give the alarm when she discovered her aunt murdered? She believed that Miss Marston's death would give her wealth and a husband. There would be no difficulty whatever in establishing a motive for the crime."

"Might not some one have committed the crime with the object of robbery?" asked the detective.

"It was generally known that Miss Marston did not keep large sums of money in the house," replied Corinne.

The detective was silent for a moment, then he said:

"You can kindly inform me under what circumstances you saw Miss Rutherford enter her aunt's room on the night of the murder? Is she aware that you saw her?"

"I do not think that she is," replied Corinne. "The way of it was this. I was unable to sleep and went down to the library for a book. Miss Marston's room is on the same floor with the library. I procured the book and was leaving the library when I saw Blanche Rutherford enter her aunt's room. She wore a white wrapper and her hair was loose upon her shoulders."

"Did you see anything of Carroll Marston?"

"No."

"Where is his sleeping apartments?"

"On the same floor, the second, as Blanche Rutherford's and mine."

"Were you not surprised at seeing Blanche Rutherford entering her aunt's room at that hour?"

"Somewhat, but I thought that, perhaps, she was there with the intention of ascertaining how her aunt was, or possibly, to seek to conciliate Miss Marston, to cause her to reconsider her decision."

"Why did you not at once proclaim what you had seen when the murder was discovered, or, at the inquest?"

"Because at first I did not intend to accuse Blanche Rutherford publicly," replied Corinne, quietly. "I did intend to tell Carroll what I had seen. I knew he would not betray her, but I did believe he would cast her off in horror. His arrest upset all my plans. I know that he will go to the scaffold before he will betray Blanche. Yesterday I went to see him."

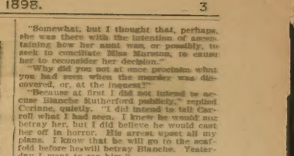
"I hope that you told him nothing of what you saw that night?" hurriedly exclaimed the detective.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

TRUE WINTER GIRLS.

When Boston's frigid daughters
A-merry-making go
They haunt New England waters
Like ghostly drifts of snow.

And winter, the old wizard,
Yields to their moods as law;
Their frowns provoke the blizzard,
Their smiles bring on the thaw.
—Truth.



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BREAD OR BULLETS.

A Story of the Bloody Strike at Virden---The Tyranny of Greed---Love and Innocence in the Toils.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens just previous to the bloody and historic strike at Virden, Illinois, and the attempt of the operators to displace the white miners with negro laborers. Turner Blotham, a man of leisure and means, is infatuated with Mollie O'Neil, the daughter of a widow, whose husband had been murdered by a gang of tough miners. Mollie does not love Blotham but has given her heart to Virgil Milner, a young miner. Blotham, seeing that the strike is coming, bribes Tom Flynn, a miner, to kill Virgil during the expected fight.

CHAPTER IV.
MOLLIE MISSING.

The cowardly volley which had brought down Virgil Miller did not come from the stockade. Neither the detectives nor miners had fired those shots, but they came from a mysterious unknown source. The flashes were seen from an empty box car that was on the track.

"Great heavens!" cried Ed Greene, "some one has killed Virgil Miller!"

Then Ed and half a dozen brother miners ran to pick up the body, from the stockade there came a second cowardly volley which mowed down the men like grass before the scythe. Ed Greene fell dead, a bullet in his heart. Ellis Smith fell with a bullet through his brain. The volley swept down several others, and the remainder fled to seek such shelter as they could find.

It was a cowardly, murderous act done out of revenge because the miners were not permitted to land. The miners had only fought to keep the negroes from being brought to the mines, and when they had driven them off intended doing no more, and had now withdrawn out to look after their dead and wounded friends, when they were shot down like dogs.

After the last volley, which killed Greene and Smith, a dread silence came over the scene. Behind box cars and piles of ties the miners crouched and the men in the stockade dared not raise their heads. Only the pitying stars looked down upon the cold dead.

Three or four men, those guilty wretches and foul assassins who had been the secret cause of the trouble, dropped from the box car and crept away through the tall weeds, stealing off in the darkness like so many evil spirits.

They had been gone but a few moments when a hand was raised from the little heap of slain. It was placed upon the bruised and beaten head. Then the head moved, and a faint groan escaped the pallid lips. That was the last sign of life after the shock of the volley.

The man sat up. It was Virgil Miller. He gazed about him on the sad scene and struggled to his feet. The miners were now partially recovered from the volley of the stockade, and coming forth.

"Let up, boys! Let up, Virgil," said one, tenderly. "Are ye bad hurt?"

"I don't know, Mike," he answered. "My head is aching, but I think it was only a glancing shot."

"Was the divil fired it?" asked Mike.

"I don't know, but suppose it came from the stockade."

"Ah! the murderin' thaves, to be killin' dacent men when they are doin' no one iny harrm. Virgy are a hero, so ye are, to say the laste of thim."

"Is that lying there, Mike?" asked Virgil.

Mike bent over the body, gazed into the ghastly face of the dead man, and answered:

"Sure it's Ed Greene, yer honor, an' he's dead—kilt by a bullet."

"And is this at his side?"

"It's Ellis Smith, Misther Miller, an' a bad 'un he has to his head, to be sure. He's dead as a herring."

Virgil was sick at heart, and, turning, said:

"I must go away from here, Mike. Carry the body, fellows away and put them somewhere."

Virgil was now sufficiently recovered to walk, and he went to the town slowly and sadly.

"Oh, my God! Why could not this horror have been averted!" he groaned, as he made his way to the house of a friend. There he was met by a doctor, who had been roused from a light slumber by the sounds of carnage.

He quickly dressed the wound on Virgil's head and advised him to be quiet. He had received no other hurt, though his clothes had several bullet holes in them.

Virgil did not lie down in the house when Mike Harden came in and told him that a temporary morgue had been established and six miners lay dead in it. He did not know how many detectives had lost, but was quite sure their loss was heavy.

"Mike, I am so sorry this has happened," Virgil groaned.

"Why are ye sorry, boss?"

"Because no good has come of it. Several men have lost their lives and a great many more have been wounded, and nothing gained."

"I belave ye're mistaken, Misther Miller," the Irishman answered.

"What has been gained?"

"Respect."

"Respect from whom?"

"The thaving gang."

"I don't understand you, Mike. How can they respect us?"

"Begorra, it's our guns they will come to respect."

Virgil was only stunned by the shot, and after a few moments his head was quite clear again. The doctor had assured him his wound was trifling and he felt quite strong once more and longed on going to see the other wounded, who were being brought in.

"I'd better be stayin' here, Misther Virgil. There's enough of us to look after thim, and we will do it—stay here an' get rested."

"I am rested."

"Ye think so, but ye're not, Misther Miller. I tell ye ye are not rested."

Virgil was persuaded to remain in the house a while longer, and threw himself on a lounge, where, under the soothing faculties, while he began to wonder how all this would come out.

Murder had been committed. Someone's hands were red with the blood of his fellow men. Who would be declared guilty and who innocent? He was certain that the brave governor of the Illinois commonwealth was with them and would see that justice was done.

Governor Tanner, by the course he took, proved himself to be one of the bravest men of the age. Standing for what was right, though it was unpopular and opposed by every power on earth, and opposing his own political party, threatened with ruin and destruction, even threatened with assassination, he did not waver nor was he intimated steadily in his course, upholding the right and protecting the weak against the strong.

Virgil could remain no longer inactive, and he went out into the street. Almost the first object he met was a poor woman weeping over the dead body of her husband.

The enraged miners had found an object for their hatred in Eyster, the manager of the store. He had been to the stockade to take some physicians to bind up the wounds of the detectives. On his way back he was recognized and set upon to avenge by the cowardly shooting of their brothers, cried:

"There's Eyster! Kill him!"

They ran after the buggy, shouting aloud: "Kill him! Kill him!"

The buggy had reached the store, and Eyster leaped out and ran into it. Immediately the mob opened fire on the store front and rear. Eyster ran up to the top of the building, and through the glare of light and ran over the roofs of several houses and at last found a store and a shower of bullets fired from the ground below. He leaped in at the window and tried to close the store again, when he was shot in the head.

He was left bleeding on the sidewalk for a few minutes, and the frenzied men cheered and waved their hats when told he was dead. Soon afterward a number of the miners carried him to the park and laid him on the grass. Then they saw that he still lived they stamped his head with the heels of their heavy boots determined to kill him.

Virgil came up at this time, and though it was at the risk of his life, ran in among the infuriated miners and cried:

"For shame, boys! How dare you think of so cowardly an act as this!"

"Go away—go away!" they said to him! He has made slaves of us and hired men to murder us!"

"I will not go away."

"Then we will kill you!"

"Shoot me if you will. I am not so insane as to have lost my humanity, and I will protect this wounded man though he is my enemy, with my life."

The miners hated Eyster as much as they loved Virgil. But their tempers began to cool, and as Eyster had fainted they supposed him dead. And he was carried away to a house and a surgeon slipped into it and the wounds of the man were dressed.

Virgil, having succeeded in saving one life, felt very faint, and was thinking of returning home.

By this time the eastern horizon had begun to grow rosy with the first faint flush of dawn. He was filled with horror and his nervous system had received a severe shock.

He had reached the door of his house when he became conscious of a man coming toward him—a young woman whom he made out to be the daughter of Mrs. Miller.

"Mr. Miller, Mr. Miller!" she gasped, quite out of breath.

"What is the matter, Nora?"

"Come to Mrs. O'Neil's house, right away."

"What has happened, Nora?" he gasped, clasping his hand over his heart, which had almost ceased to beat.

"She is tied, and Mollie is gone."

Virgil gave utterance to a hoarse cry and rushed like a mad man to the widow's cottage. The front door was closed and locked, but with his broad shoulder against it he pushed off the lock and entered.

There sat the widow in an arm-chair, tied hard and fast, and a handkerchief bound so tightly over her mouth as to almost suffocate her.

He quickly released her and asked:

"Where is Mollie?"

"Gone!" the widow faintly gasped.

"Gone where?"

"Don't know—took her away and tied me."

She could not speak above a whisper, and the tears trickled down her cheeks as she spoke.

"Who did this—who carried Mollie away?"

Some big black fellows."

Virgil sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER V.
MIKE HAYDEN'S IDEA.

The keen agony which Virgil Miller suffered at that moment is beyond the power of pen to describe. He was speechless, his form became firm and rigid as iron, and it was with difficulty that he could maintain his position in the chair.

The abduction, to him was all a blank mystery. Evidently while the fight was raging at the stockade parties for some purpose which he could not possibly conceive, had abducted Mollie. But he roused himself in a moment and was perfectly calm. His voice when he spoke had a steely ring in it, and his mind, like a keen sharpener, capable of piercing the most opaque objects. He appealed to the widow, who was in a state of terrible anguish.

"Oh, my poor child! My poor child! Better that she should die at my feet at this moment!"

"Mrs. O'Neil, calm yourself," said Virgil, in his soothing, steel-like voice.

"How can you ask me to calm myself?" she asked. "Think of Mollie, dragged away shrieking and screaming from me, and then ask me to be calm!"

Be calm for Mollie's sake. Mrs. O'Neil, if you will listen to me I will find Mollie and restore her to you."

"I will—I will try!" she sobbed.

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"Be calm for Mollie's sake. Mrs. O'Neil, if you will listen to me I will find Mollie and restore her to you."

"I will—I will try!" she sobbed.

Virgil was persuaded to remain.

"I will try."

"Mike, my boy has she been gone?"

"I don't know. I have been unconscious so long I really don't know."

"Murder! Then you give me no idea of the time—what was the hour?"

"Why, you see, when I left at the mines, we were listening to the firing and yelling when the door was thrown open."

"Well, go on."

"No, we had not thought to lock it."

"How came you entered?"

"Three."

"Black or white?"

"Black."

"Did you see no white men?"

"No, sir."

"Did you hear anyone without?"

"No, sir."

"What did the negroes say?"

"Only one spoke. He said: 'You come with us' and just laid hold of Mollie. She struck him and fought him off, then two of the others seized her."

"Did they say where they were going to take her?"

"No, sir. They just said she must go with them."

"And did they drag her from the house?"

"Not just yet. I helped my daughter. She struck one of the black ones. There lies the chair broken now."

"Why did you not call for help?"

"Call for help? Why, we did scream as loud as we could, but both could not be heard with all the night, but the awful shooting and yelling down there made such a din that I don't think I could have heard."

"When they took her away was she still screaming?"

"Trying to, I suppose; but they had a handkerchief tied over her mouth so she could not scream, and I think she fainted as they took her away from the house."

Virgil paused a moment to take in from the disarranged room, which gave every evidence of a struggle, that in addition to the broken chair, tables were overturned, a mirror broken and the bedding disarranged.

Near the door something bright attracted his eye, and he picked up what proved to be a steel chain which was attached to an old cheap silver watch, which he pulled out from under a rug.

This was a valuable clew. The watch was of no value, the case was dented and was throwing his light into the cottage window. Virgil paused in the doorway, and looked at the disarranged room, which gave every evidence of a struggle.

Near the door something bright attracted his eye, and he picked up what proved to be a steel chain which was attached to an old cheap silver watch, which he pulled out from under a rug.

This was a valuable clew. The watch was of no value, the case was dented and was broken, as if it had been crushed beneath a boot heel.

Virgil thrust it into his pocket and searched the floor carefully for other evidence, but was unable to find any. He went out into the yard. Fortunately, but one or two persons in the whole town were now absorbed by the conflict in the village. He saw a small object lying in the path and had been dragged along the yard toward the gate. The gate was off one hinge, and if she was going to be carried away, and near it was an ornament Mollie had worn in her hair.

This he kept as a precious memento.

He could see where the poor prisoner had been carried through the gate and down the road to a thicket, and there found the tracks of a horse's hoofs. It was at once evident that she had been placed in the buggy, and that the other half of the head ornament at the side of the buggy track.

Bewildered and stunned as he was, it required but little reasoning to tell him what to keep up, but he did so.

The tracks of the buggy had left the thicket and driven back into the main road two or three hundred yards farther from the village of Virden.

By the most careful examination he ascertained there were three horses. One was attached to the buggy, for his tracks were straight between the wheels, while the others were evidently ridden by horsemen.

He might have concluded that the three horses were ridden by the men who had been at the cottage, had he not found footprints in the dust going back toward the village. Virgil was at a great loss what to do. To follow the buggy tracks was almost impossible, for there had been so many buggies and horsemen along the road that the original hoof and wheel prints were obliterated.

While debating in his mind what course to take he thrust his hand in his pocket and felt the old silver watch. He pulled it out saying:

"I've got a clew here, which, if worked out, will lead to the abductors, but who knows this watch?"

Someone was coming up the street toward him, and as he came nearer he discovered it was Mike Hayden.

"Misther Virgil, I've just heard all about it," said Mike, "an' it's divil av a shame that the thavin' murdherers should be carryin' off a foine young girrul. Wasn't it the detectives?"

"No, Mike."

"Thin who the divil was it?"

"The abductors were negroes."

"An' it's the thavin' nagurs, is it, as 'd be aither carryin' off a dacint girrul as is doin' no one iny harrum."

"Mike, there is some mystery about this which we have not solved yet. There is some deep hidden motive, and, to be candid with you, I don't think the detectives or the Alabama negroes had anything at all to do with the crime."

"Is it beyers, they've sins enough av their own without havin' iny laid at their door."

"Mike, did you ever see this?" he asked, handing him the broken watch he had found in the cottage.

The miner took the watch and examined it carefully. He looked at the case, which constant rubbing and use had made bright.

"Begorra, I've seen it before, Misther Miller. He's dead."

"Do you know to whom it belonged?"

"A dacint young chap that worked in the mine an' was locked out at the same time as myself."

"Are you sure?"

"I know it."

"What was his name?"

"Don't know, boss. He didn't work inthe same gang I did, an' all the nagurs had different pits from the whites, but this fellow was a rale rascal, an' I always knowed he was up to no good."

"He is one of the abductors."

"Phwat! Is he goin' to find this watch?"

"In the house. It was lying partially under the rug where it had fallen in the struggle when she was carried away."

Then the man turned his head for a moment on his hand and said:

"Now let me hev a chance to git me ideas together, boss, an' I'll be after ye at once at me wisdom. The naygurs took the young leddy away, did it during the terrible fight we had down there last night, an' while no one could hear him. The wounds I dare trust with me in daylight, so they must find a hidin' place for her before the daylight comes."

"I believe you are correct, Mike. Now, where would they be most likely to take her?"

"Well, the Ardmore mines are jist nine miles, an' he'd be safe there they might git to them before daylight. Then there is deserted mines in which they could hide a pretty prisoner."

"Mike, your idea seems good. I will go to Ardmore come with me."

"Now ye're talkin', me honey. I'm right wid ye, an' I'll be after ye."

"Arm yourself, for we may have trouble."

"Oh, I'll be that, sure enough. The most illegint shootin' irons ye ever looked on, an' I tumbled two of the blackguards off the box car last night."

"Be ready for me and meet me on the corner of the road," said Virgil. "I'll have a horse and buggy ready and we will drive down there. We will have some hours before the train will come."

Virgil went to the livery barn and procured a horse and buggy, and armed himself with a revolver and went for Mike. When he came driving for Mike he almost leaped into the buggy and the two drove furiously away to put into execution Mike's idea.

CHAPTER VI.
STOPPED BY BULLETS.

It was still early in the morning as the two men thundered at a furious speed along the road. The wheels trembled at the speed, and the turns in the road were made quickly and high.

nearly upset a time or two.

Mike sat holding the reins in a firm hand and put the horse to his best speed.

"Misther Virgil, Misther Miller, I've been thinkin' this craft ye'll be in a few more such whirls as ye give us thin!" he called to Irishman.

"Mike, would you know the one-eyed negro who cursed me and saw sim again?"

"I'd bet yer loife I would, Misther. He's a precious thafe an' has sich an gant face an' form that inyboo, ... saw him, an' he's a nagur, Misther, ... av him."

"Mike, do you suppose he came with party that brought the girl here?"

"And why not?"

"They did not all come."

"How d'ye know?"

"I saw some some footprints returned back to town."

"The divil! Now if that big, one-eyed thafe av the world, that nagur was at the village I might foind him, an' begorra we'd make him tell where the poor ladby is, or we'd strip ivery bit av hide off his back."

"I do not know where any of the villains are. Now, Mike, try to think, if you can remember, who this one-eyed negro associated with at Virden."

The Irishman took a pipe from his pocket, which he lighted and smoked, and as they whirled along the road at almost the speed of an express train, suddenly declared that smoking helped him to think.

"I believe he run with a yaller naygur, an' there was two or three more thavin' black-skins. Don't think me prejudiced agin the black folks because av these half a dozen naygur thaves," said Mike, "for I'm not at all, at all, Begorra, thim illegint thaves cought to ivery one av thim be strung up by the necks until they were as dead as the snakes and frogs who bask. Patrick was through wid 'em."

They descended a hill and came to a

stream which was spanned by a bridge. The horse sped across at a brisk trot. On the other side they met a man in a wagon, who was evidently going to Virden.

"Hello!" he called. "Did you come from Virden?"

"Yes."

"Heered they been a-fightin' down there. They had a fight last night," said Virgil, who had slackened, but not entirely stopped his horse, he was anxious to go on.

"Yes, old Capen Sally, as we call Dock Myers wife, told me. Some niggers was a-tryin' to buy her buggy 'cos they said their own was broke down——"

"Good!" called Virgil to his horse, and bringing the animal around he soon brought us alongside the driver. Virgil was all interest now.

"What was that you said about niggers breaking down?"

"Why, old Capen Sally Myers, ye know, is an awful talker, an' she said some niggers came thar and said ther'd been a h—l o' a time at Virden last night. That the miners had butchered all the niggers and throwed off a train an' played the devil generally. They war' runnin' away an' their buggy had broke down an' they wanted to buy hern."

"Did they buy it?"

"Yes—paid her twice as much as it was worth."

"Where does this Captain Sally, as you call her, live?"

"Why, 'bout a mile an' a half or two miles further on this road."

"We must see her."

Virgil let his horse out again and flew along the smooth, well-beaten path in the direction of Captain Sally's home.

"Mike, those negroes are the fellows we are after."

"Yes, begorra, an' we're hot on their trail, lemme tell yez."

They soon drew up at the home of Mrs. Sally Myers, who had been given the sobriquet of Captain Sally on account of her commanding manner and air.

She was in the door, and when Virgil

"With a groan, Virgil sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands."

asked about her sale of the night before, she answered:

"Yas, I sold a old buggy last night to some niggers. They gimme a mighty good price for it, an' I jist let it go."

"Many negroes did you see?"

will. Only two."

Pleuse know where they went?"

"No; well toward Ardmore, I guess."

"Were there more than two along?"

"Some on hossback, I reckon, 'cos I could part o' their horses a-gallopin'."

Then he asked her where their buggy piece had broken down was, and she er

"Law! I dunno."

"Why didn't they leave it here?"

"Now that's jist what I say," the old woman declared, placing her arms akimbo and staring the young man in the face. "I don't see why they run it off down inter th' creek 'cause they'd been a-stealin' of it."

He then asked her if she could tell him in what part of the creek they would find the buggy, and she answered:

"I'll never tell ye, fur I dunno more'n Adam an' Eve."

"Had you ever seen either of the negroes before?"

"No, 'n' I didn't know 'em from a side o' sole leather, either. They war all jist black niggers."

"Did one of them only have one eye?"

"Don't think so, mister. Ye may hear more o' 'em further on."

Fearing that further delay would be dangerous, Virgil decided to push on at once to Ardmore and search the worked-out mines. There could be no doubt that the negroes who had abducted Mollie were the same who had purchased the buggy from Mrs. Myers. Virgil was now fully convinced that a keener intelligence than the blunt intellect of the negroes was planning the abduction.

They drove at the top of their speed to Ardmore, and soon reached the old workout mine, which had not been operated for some years. The shaft with the windlass recently rigged seemed to bear evidence that the parties they were seeking were near.

"Here we are, Mike; now be brave and follow me," cried Virgil, and leaping from the buggy he started toward the shaft, Mike following at his side.

"Begorra, I'll be a divil wid yez, Mister Miller," Mike declared.

Suddenly a wild volley of shots rang out. Virgil staggered and Mike, with a yell, clapped his hand to his bleeding shoulder.

(To be continued next week.)

Your Danger Now

Is from the overwrought condition of the liver and kidneys which are unable to expel impurities from the blood. This causes rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been wonderfully successful in curing this disease. It neutralizes the acid in the blood and permanently cures the aches and pains which other medicines fail to relieve. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best winter medicine because it purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood. It gives help just when help is needed. It tones the stomach, stimulates the liver, and arouses and sustains the kidneys. It wards off pneumonia, fevers, bronchitis, colds, coughs and the grip.

A Reason for Tenderness.

"We should not hurt Spain's feelings unnecessarily."

"Oh, no. Her feelings are one of the few possessions she has left."

FEMALE DISEASES AND THE PILES.

I have discovered a perfect cure for all female diseases and the piles. It will cure even the very Worst cases, and I will gladly mail a free box to every sufferer. Address, MRS. C. B. MILLER, Box 88, Kokomo, Ind.

Enough.

"When my wife starts in to give me a lecture I just tell her to keep quiet, I do."

"And does she?"

"Say! Look here. You are getting altogether too inquisitive!"

Free Government Lands.

There are still large areas of Government lands in the states of Washington and Oregon, also prairie and timber lands near railroads, which can be secured free and bought for $2.50 an acre; upwards. Here are some gooduns, hillsides, log winners or real, but nuisances, no chance of crop failure. Climate, if you wish to raise grain principally or finest stock on earth, you can find locations in these two states where you can do this to perfection. I have no lands for sale but if you want information to where to look you can write me at 199 Fast 3d st., St. Paul, Minn. YOURS, R. K. WINEMAN.

The King and the Page.

Frederick, the Great, one day, sitting in his study, rung the bell several times, but nobody came in response to his summons. At last, growing impatient, he opened the door of his ante-room and discovered his page fast asleep. The king, much annoyed, was about to waken him, when he discovered a written paper hanging out of the boy's pocket. Kings are above curiosity any more than ordinary mortals, and without scruple his majesty softly drew out the paper without awakening the sleeper, and read it. He found it to be a letter of thanks from the page's mother, in which she blessed her boy for his thoughtfulness and devotion in sending her the greater part of his wages. It had been a great help to her, she wrote, and heaven would certainly reward him for the continued faithful in the service of his king.

After he had read this, Frederick went back to his study and brought a rouleau of ducats, which he stipped with the letter into the page's pocket. Then, closing with the door of the antechamber he went back to his desk and rang the bell with such a violence that he soon awoke the page, who hurried into the room.

"Surely, you have been asleep," thundered the king, staring at him fiercely.

The poor lad, much frightened, tried to stammer out a confession or excuse, and in his agitation he thrust his hand into his pocket, where he found the roll of ducats. Confused and trembling, he drew it out and stood looking first at the king, then at the money, utterly incapable of speech.

"What is the matter?" asked the king, hiding a smile behind his hand.

"Alas, your majesty!" cried the boy, falling on his knees. "My ruin is intended. I know nothing of this money; indeed, I know nothing of it."

"Why," said the king, "whenever fortune does come she comes sleeping. You may send it to your mother with my compliments, and assure her that I will provide for you both."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

What Man's Body Contains.

There is enough fat to make from four to eight pounds of candles.

Enough gas to fill a gas meter of 3,645 feet.

Enough hydrogen to fill a balloon that would lift himself.

Enough iron to make five carpet tacks.

Enough carbon to make 9,000 lead pencils.

Enough salt to provide a dinner party.

A bowiful of sugar.

Nine and one-half gallons of water.

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Any boy can join the Sons Of Jonathan. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, passwords, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, fancy initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members all over the country. Send 2c. stamp for sample and a complete list of officers, signs, etc., send your name and the names of several boys you know, and we will tell you how to join. Address quick, JONATHAN THE STAR, 131 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

Common Mistakes.

How many people are there who pronounce any proportion of their words correctly, not merely by mispronouncing and mouthing, but by ignorance of good usage? We find them, for instance, say they lay the accent on the first instead of the second syllable of acclimate, for example; they pronounce the second syllable of acoustics, cow, instead of cow; they do not put the accent on the last syllable of address as they should do; they leave the u sound out of bury; they pronounce duke with the sound of on inserted after the simple long u; emphasize the first instead of the second syllable of reservoir, and sound the t in often. They are astonished to know that reservoir should be accented on the second syllable, and placard on the last; that quay is called key, that sough is suf, that the s instead of the c should be given in sacrifice, and the reverse in rise; that subtle should be sutle, and the words that have the last syllable of tortoise is pronounced "tis" instead of "tuse"; that it should be used, not ust, and that it is not the "rose" but the so-ological gardens where one goes to see the chimpanzee, and not the chimpanzee. It is quite time, we think, when we hear these things, that we should be in a fancy work and fancy studies of the day to be dropped and a little hard work on the dictionary put in their place.

To Make Water Boil Without Heat.

Have a little patience, and if you have time to spare, you can make water boil without fire. Just keep stirring it with a large wooden spoon, but don't quit the stirring.

It is well known that heat is developed in almost any substance by continuous accelerated motion. In fact, heat is another form of motion. You place your water in a pail—it may be ice water if necessary—and stir it with a wooden spoon. If you keep at it long enough it will certainly boil. Five hours of rapid and constant stirring is sufficient to perform the feat successfully.

The water will, after a time, grow warm, and then it will grow hot—so hot, in fact, that you cannot hold your hand in it, and finally it will boil.

This experiment is useful to determine what is known as the mechanical equivalent of heat. It requires so many foot pounds of work to develop a given quantity of heat. By turning the spoon in the water at a regular speed it is possible to find out just how much work is required to raise the temperature of water one degree.

John R. Musick's great historic romances of the Virden strike begins in this issue. See it at.

STURDY BABIES.

Mothers in a Quandary When the Food Supply Fails.

It is a difficult matter for a mother to determine what to do when a young babe is deprived of the natural mother's milk.

If there was any one manufactured baby food that all babies would thrive upon, the course would be plain, but babies do not agree with one does not with another. Mrs. H. A. Fralick, of a prominent citizen of Grand Rapids, Mich., tried the various foods on her baby boy, without success and finally gave him Postum Food Coffee which seemed to exactly fit the case and he has lived almost exclusively on Postum until now when he is a little past four years old, weighs 45 pounds and is one of the sturdiest, strongest and healthiest youngsters one will see in a day's travel. His little sister now two years old had a similar experience and has been reared entirely upon Postum.

Postum is the original Cereal Coffee made by food experts who treat grains in a scientific manner to develop fully nutritious food in a liquid form and with a crisp delightful coffee flavor.

Many people cook Postum so short a time that it tastes flat and insipid. It must have at least 15 minutes of sharp boiling after it has commenced to boil (not only after it has been put upon the stove) to bring out the food value and the toothsome flavor.

It will be found a powerful health restorer to those who are injured by common coffee drinking, and that class number thousands, who suffer day by day and do not know that Coffee (a heavy drug) is causing the mischief.

ICURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial. Address

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WHERE WISDOM FAILED.

A Strange Story of Life and Love's Conflicting Currents and the Baffling Mystery of Fate's Decrees.

By ELLEN PRISELL WYKOFF.

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Randolph, an infirm old man living alone with his servants at River Crag, tells Reuel Dunbar, presumably the nephew of his housekeeper, that Mrs. Randolph was untrue to him, and that he cast her out one winter night. He also tells of having secured a large quantity of gold which he cannot find. He asks Reuel to find the child, born after the expulsion of the mother, and the gold. Dorothy and Shirley Mc-Gregor, the young and beautiful daughters of Mr. Randolph's agent, pay a visit to River Crag. Mrs. Hodges goes to the village and meets the Dobbs family and Del Bell and Davy. Her coachman becomes intoxicated and disappears. Mrs. Hodges returns after an unsuccessful search for an important witness to find Della Bell at River Crag, recently injured by a runaway team. Shirley meets at old lover Phil Wayne. Dorothy protests strangely regarding Mr. Randolph and says that he alone must see him in his room. Five years before Dr. Blount and Shirley had known Archibald Strong's name, and Shirley is to marry Strong.

CHAPTER XI.

IN MR. RANDOLPH'S CHAMBER.

The house was awfully still. Only a dim light burned in the hall and Shirley felt almost afraid to enter. She paused at the little white in the dark porch. She knew that Dorothy would disappear of this morning with Leon. Reuel, poor, little Dolly, with her fondness for Archibald, and her stately notions of propriety, and her horror of— Even in her thoughts Shirley was afraid of the word. She leaned her head against the wall and thinking of it all.

Was she really glad to meet Leon again? Was she wild, tumultuous passion the sort of love that ought to crown a woman's life? She remembered their first meeting more than five years ago. She had been very young then, a girl just out of school, and Leon Dunbar and Archibald Stone's promised wife. It was all very wrong and very wonderful and she had been really and truly happy since.

Archibald had not believed in her love for Leon and he had refused to give her up to him. This had become known among their friends in Chicago and out of it had come the dust that had driven Leon into exile. She had been carried away with the romance of it all at first and then came the perplexing fear, and after that the wicked thing she had done. She trembled now as she thought of it. It had not been difficult of accomplishment. Leon's note had come asking for help to get away and she had been in despair. She had thought she had come that Archibald had plenty of money. One day it would be hers. And after that she had signed Archibald's name to a check and Leon went away. It was the same before anyone knew. She had a curious knack of writing like other people and the signature had looked genuine, but after a while Archibald knew and she was covered with shame and humiliation. She wondered now if she had ever been really sorry.

Archibald had plead with her to forget it. It was the act of a half-crazed girl, he said, and not deliberate wrong doing, but she could not endure his presence, knowing that she could never forget. And so time had passed on and now their marriage had rarely spoken of at all. She dreaded it and he, was he tired of it, too?

She had tried to ask him, once. His answer had been very quiet and direct, but it had not satisfied her. She felt that his wife ought to be a woman with no shadow of stain upon her name. And yet she said over and over again that she hated him, and she had found a fierce pleasure in giving pain to other men. People called her a heartless coquette, and she had begun to believe that she was really no more than that. Now she had met Leon Blount again and something of her old fascination was upon her.

Archibald's words came back to her now as she stood alone in the dark: "He is not a good man, Shirley, nor the man to make you happy. When you find such a man I will give you up to him, but until that time comes, you belong to me. I can wait." And he had waited and borne with her. He had been interested in placing her in Mrs. Walling's care. This had to her the appearance of too much authority and silently she resented it. Mrs. Walling was not a lovable woman, and Shirley could not account for the friendship that existed between her and Archibald Strong.

"I owe her a great deal and she loves me," he had said.

A little wind had risen and the vines about the porch creaked dismally against the stone wall. She must go in and find Dorothy. A quick run brought her to the stairs and she felt glad to leave the great hall behind her. Even the long upper corridor a light shone faintly through an open door. Shirley did not know where the hurt and beat herself against. Perhaps this was her room and Dorothy would be there. She had grown very nervous and dreaded the thought of being alone. She went swiftly toward the light and had almost reached it when she stopped and leaned against the wainscoting.

Mrs. Walling had come softly into the hall, cautiously closing the door behind her. Carefully she turned the key and dropped it in the pocket of her dress. Then turning away she went silently toward the farther end of the hall.

There was something strange in the woman's manner. Shirley stood quite still looking after her. Then she thought that the child must be dead and her overwrought nerves could endure no more. She ran swiftly forward and followed the retreating figure. Perhaps Mrs. Walling was going to Dorothy. At any rate she dared not remain alone. Once Mrs. Walling was in front of her she seemed to be creeping forward in a strange, stealthy way. Shirley felt a curious longing to follow her. She was afraid to scream and dared not go back. What was about to happen. A sort of calm came over her. She kept just a little way behind the small, dim light that Mrs. Walling carried.

Suddenly the light disappeared at the farther end of a great empty room. Shirley hurried forward and putting out her hands felt a soft silken drapery. A rich, oppressive odor came to her. A reckless boldness came upon her now and she parted the curtains and looked in.

She saw the great oddly furnished chamber in which she had been introduced to Mr. Randolph. She stood at the head of the bed gazing at its occupant before Mrs. Walling saw her. She saw it all, the queer room with its shelves and dusty cabinets and huge mahogany bed. The great carpets and the wide bars of moonlight across the floor. And on the bed the figure of the old man, weazened and yellow, lying quietly. Not one of the shriveled muscles moved. There was no sign of life in the figure. As we notice trifles in times of great peril or distress, she saw that his hands, crossed, were closed with the thumbs tucked inside the palm like a baby's when it is asleep.

When at last she could drag her fascinated eyes from the grim object on the bed, she saw Mrs. Walling busily unlocking one of the cabinets opening one after another of the drawers. Her pale, colorless face, even in the winter sunshine, her lips were closed in a straight line. Her eyes were fixed upon the cabinets quickly as if she would find some carefully hidden spring. With swift, certain touch she found the spring on the polished wood.

Shirley watched her with the intent gaze of a snake-charmed bird. Hours seemed to be rolling slowly on. The girl counted her own breath in an absent way. She felt dazed and dreamy. It all seemed unreal.

She stood silent and breathless while the woman went from one desk to another, looking, examining, and then returned to Shirley that the cold, searching eyes must find her and she began to wonder in a dreamy way why they did not. Perhaps before she should feel them on her face.

After a while Mrs. Walling took the small lantern down and came over to the bedside where she bent for a moment over the awfully still dead figure of her master.

Some change in the woman's face sent a thrill through the girl and, as Mrs. Walling turned and gazed down at the quiet, yellow face. It was like a flash of lightning on the first visit to this room, but somehow it was different. The burning eyes were closer now, and the look of peace on the face of the shrivled features that had for so many long years been hidden by the mask of passions. It was this look that froze the girl's blood as she stood watching the woman. Her voice sounded far away and unreal as she said:

"Dead, dead, he is dead, quite dead!"

Mrs. Walling turned to her. The minor surprise and triumph were gone. It was a woman's horrified astonishment.

"Dead, did you say? Is he really dead?"

"Quite dead. And you— Oh, you have killed him!" The girl pointed to the figure on the bed and shrank from the dark face.

Mrs. Walling snatched the bit of cambric away.

"Me? You would accuse me? You would dare to do that?"

"I saw you put it there, the—the handkerchief. Shirley shuddered and looked at the face about her throat.

The sardonic face reddened, the cold eyes darkened. "What sort of story can I tell? Who would benefit by his death? Not I."

"Do you mean—" Shirly whitened to the lips, but controlled that awful fear. If people heard the story—would not some of them believe that Archibald Strong—that—that he think? Had she not already committed one crime? Had she not only tonight sent Leon, the woman of another? It seemed to her that they would all believe it and that they would chase to tell. Who was she to stand against the word of an honest woman, she who was not?

"Don't you dare to speak of this, if you have courage. Only for his sake I could not. Her pretty face is all the world to him, but for that—" She bent over the girl, rubbing her hands. But Shirly lay quite still and awfully white on the dusty floor.

With great labor Mrs. Walling half dragged, half carried the girl back to the corridor, and while here she saw Reuel standing beside her, a small night lamp in his hand.

"Is anything the matter? Why—"

"She was wandering about and lost her way. Her sister missed her—"

"Has he fallen? Is he ill?" Ruel stooped and lifted the girl in his arms, and together they carried her to her room. Dorothy came and the doctor was sent for.

"What is it? What happened to her?" Leon asked anxiously, but no one could answer. Mrs. Walling had found her unconscious and that was all.

"She must have been frightened when she found herself near that door," Dorothy said when she was trying to talk it over with Reuel. "Shirley is not herself yet, a little wild and hysterical. Mrs. Maloney is with her now. She cried only so when Mrs. Walling was near her. We are bringing so much trouble to you. I am sorry we came."

"Don't say that."

"It is true. This and the little girl—that would not have been but for our coming. Yes, we have brought you trouble, Shirley and I."

"It does not seem so to me. You have brought me pleasure," Reuel answered, timidly. It seemed to him that his acquaintance with her had grown rapidly. He seemed to understand her a long, long time. "But I ought not think of that now. Only I want you to feel that you have a right here—the best right in the world. This is your home."

"You are good to me. But I want to tell you—I have seen it all along, it is always so. I think that in the circumstances you must not set your heart on—on how shall I say it, Reuel? Shirley has to keep the joy you spoke of just now." She was twisting her pretty hands together and her face was troubled and grave.

A hot flush reddened his brow. "I understand. Thank you for your warning. Now it is easy to forget."

"Easy?" The manner changed, her dark gray eyes filled with tears. "Easy to forget? Do you find it so?"

"I think we misunderstood me, and after all it is as well."

"It isn't as well. Do you think that I haven't seen? I am sorry for you," she said, gently.

"I am glad if you think of me at all. But don't let this trouble you. I hoped you knew that I knew that I have only one in all the world—only one friend."

"I shall be glad if I may be another. But you would understand that—"

"I know what you mean, and I am glad to have what you can give me."

"Then good night," and he took it for an instant, then she left him.

"He loves her. Of course he would. Alas, poor Shirley," Dorothy whispered, as she bent over her sister's bed.

And Reuel Dunbar gathered up a little handkerchief that had fallen on the dark floor of the hall and carried it to his lips.

CHAPTER XII.

DELL'S TREASURES.

It was the next day and on the great snowy bed in the fine old room lay little Della, her golden hair, white, her blue eyes closed. She was like a lily bruised and broken. After all the storm of life had been too much for the delicate flower.

"It's like a picture in books with the crown of gold hair an' the patient look of her. An' it's meself that's wishin' Mrs. Hodges could be comforted a little bit for the fourth day an' she havin' took the fuck of the place entirely. Sure, it's like a child toeing noisily out to the new maid who sobbed the hours away with tear and homesick."

"It's not long that she'll be sufferin' the roughest of it," Mrs. Hodges had heard the Banshee wailin' these three nights an' more, but it was the first mention to her.

The new maid cried softly, still it was worth much to her that a wave of the world's excitement had come to her life at her at River Crag.

Inside the little, tidy, his fat face full of trouble, his big eyes bright and dark, his brown hands folded on his lap. She had been creeping to him so long.

"Kitsey, my own little Kitsey," he whispered when she came.

"Don't wake her, my boy. Can you trust me to nurse her while you rest? It is a growing late and you have been here all day. Go down now and see if anybody is eating. Mrs. Hodges will be the wife will be no end of help to your sister."

"I'll not leave her until I come back."

Right here until I can leave her with you or some one who will watch her carefully."

"Then I'll go—just down to the hall, not really outside to have a good time or forget. Sure, I'll be back in a jiffy."

Reuel watched the lovely little face. Hope was there in the white snow. It is growing late and you have been here all day. Go down now and see if anybody is eating. Mrs. Hodges will be the wife will be no end of help to your sister."

"I'll not leave her until I come back."

Right here until I can leave her with you or some one who will watch her carefully."

"Then I'll go—just down to the hall, not really outside to have a good time or forget. Sure, I'll be back in a jiffy."

Reuel watched the lovely little face. Hope was there in the white snow. It is injuries were internal—there was no mark any where on the perfect little body.

Suddenly the blue eyes flashed open and she looked up at him.

"I see you in the carriage. What is your name?" she said.

"You may call me Reuel, only you must not talk now."

"You are a good man, are you not?" she said, softly, with a little shudder.

"I believe you would think so little girl."

"I do not think so. You are going to give me something—two something.

"I shall thank you very much."

"It is not always myself, you see. You sent Davy to look for a lady. She has come. Is she who made me think of giving you this."

"A lady?"

"Yes. Not one of the pretty ones who were with you in the carriage, nor the other one you sent Davy for. I don't know her name. What is it?"

"I think you be a dream lady. There is no other here."

"I guess you don't know. She came here last night and today. She sat there by the little desk and she—I don't know how, but she made me think of this. Please don't make me be silent yet. See how soft my fan talking. May I tell you know what the tidings are?"

"If you will, and then—"

"Yes. One is Davy. Will you take care of Davy?"

"I will take care of you both."

"Let's be in earnest. It is only Davy." Her wide, solemn eyes were on his face.

"Yes," he answered simply.

"They brought my little bundle and there is something in that. A little Bible. That is the other thing. It was mother's. I want you to keep it for Davy." He brought the little book to her and she smiled and closed her eyes. "I am sure you will do it."

"Yes," he said, "I will."

He sat down beside her with the Bible in his hand. The clasp fell back and he opened the book. On the fly leaf was written "Mary Falemountain, from her mother, Sara Craig." Further in the book there were some slippings of newspaper. One told of a brave sailor who had lost his life saving others, and the sailor's name was David Falemountain. Beyond this was a heavier paper carefully folded. It was the paper Dell had found in the old blue coat.

Reuel unfolded this mechanically. He expected to find only something more about little Dell's people, and that was all. But when his eyes fell upon the words that were revealed by the unfolding of the paper a sudden faintness seized him. It was the same hand he had seen searching for, the marriage certificate of Donald Randolph and Ruth Dwight.

He could not realize it. He had hoped to find the paper in some more telling place, and here it was placed in his keeping by the hand of a little dying child. A small sense of the circumstances came to him. What strange freak of the fates was this? He looked at the face on the pillow. Could And then he saw that the child was looking at him. He could not question her now.

"It was yesterday, wasn't it?" she asked. "Yes," he said.

"Davy'll miss me. I was all he had. But now I'll be with mother."

"Dell, little girl, I am so glad that you are here. I have helped you—I cannot tell you how much." He took her hot little hand and caressed it softly.

"We've been awful lonely like us? I wish we'd known. I'm not worth while now I'm going, you know." Things happen too late; don't you think so?"

"Sometimes," he answered.

She looked about the room, sighing contentedly. "It is the nicest one I was ever in. I am glad I'm here."

Reuel had never seen the room before she was brought to it. The quiet, cheerful than the other chambers and there were signs of dainty womanliness. On the walls were some handsome pictures of pretty children and lovely women. In one corner was a stool and a desk made of ebony and inlaid with mother of pearl in a dainty Oriental design.

The child had gone to sleep again, and it came to Reuel as he sat there that the time would be long before she might have been the private chamber of the ill-fated mistress of River Crag. It seemed to him as a singular coincidence that he should have found the marriage certificate here.

The room was faded and dust-stained now, but as we see dimly the beauty and magnificence of it all in the days when worn, Reuel thought he could trace the tenderness of a woman's hand about the neglected chamber. A slender vase, a bit of embroidery, a volume of books of well-loved books. It seemed to him that he felt the charm of a sweet presence that had once blessed the room. Even when he took the walls like the perfume of a white rose after the flower is gone.

The room belonged to a wing farthest from the street and the trees grew close to the glass from the green branches of the great trees outside. Reuel could fancy a woman standing here—a fair, graceful, smiling lady as she thought of a precious letter to be sent to the husband's heart. He could imagine her there at the wide window watching the sky mother's from the shelter of the leaves and listening to the whining winds in the pines.

As he sat there Reuel almost see her before the tall mirror bending forward to see her own face. The dark hair, soulful, pleading eyes—the lovely face he had seen in the picture that Mr. Randolph had shown him.

Ah, poor little wife. What must she have suffered in this dim, lonely room.

(Continued on seventh page.)

A SIMPLE CATARRH CURE.

I have written a book on the treatment of Catarrh, and have effected more cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. I have not only relieve from notice life, I will from this time on, send the treatment free by mail to any reader of this paper who will write me for it. I guarantee a cure of every case of Catarrh reported to me. Don't neglect this paper who suffers from this loathsome, dangerous and offensive disease. Don't delay. Cure while you can and relieve yourself of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Throat Trouble, Deafness, Asthma, Consumption, Hay Fever, Weak Eyes, Loss of Memory, Impure Blood, Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Lack of Energy, Nervous Prostration, Lack of Confidence, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Female Weakness, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nocturnal Emissions, Lost Power, Sleeplessness, Kidney Troubles, Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism, Constipation, Piles, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Blood Poisoning, Scrofula

WHERE WISDOM FAILED.

(Continued from sixth page.)

How she must have longed for the tenderness that a woman's life so sorely needs.

Thinking of it all, Reuel forgot the little child whose slender fingers clung to his hand until she spoke.

"You had a look of her," she said, "Of whom?" he asked.

"Of the lady. I don't know her name."

"When did you see her?"

"Last night was the first time. Mrs. Walling was asleep. Would you think she could sleep with such awfully awake eyes? And then the lady came and she smiled and—

"It must have been Miss Dorothy."

"She had gone. I remember quite well."

"Do you know Marie, the maid?"

"This was not like that. My lady sat there by the little desk and somehow I knew that she wanted me to give you this."

"Can you tell me about this paper that I have found in your Bible, Dell?"

But before she could answer the door opened and Dorothy and the doctor came in. So Reuel kissed the child and went away. She could tell him another time. Besides it might be better to have it all from Davy.

As Reuel left the room he met Mrs. Walling. She stopped and looked at him and he had the feeling of being fastened in place by her needle-like eyes.

"Is Miss MacGregor better?" he asked.

"I think not; she is quieter. What could she have heard or seen, Mr. Dunbar?" The thin lips went together like springs and the needle-like glance shot into his eyes.

"I wish I knew, Mrs. Walling. She must have fallen. Is there any indication of that?"

"You saw that she had fallen?"

"Yes."

"The doctor says it is fright, horror.

"He is quite deaf, don't you see? I saw you put the handkerchief there."

What gruesome object is in that part of the house, Mr. Dunbar?"

Reuel felt his face whiten under the gimlet gaze of those cold, old eyes.

"None that she could have seen."

"Then there is no specially horrible object there?"

Down the hall came the new maid.

"Mrs. Hodges has arrived. And I have been trying to find you, Mrs. Walling. There is a gentleman waiting in the small parlor to see you." She handed a card to Mrs. Walling. Reuel breathed free when the horrible eyes were no longer on his face.

He was astonished to see them soften as they read it.

"It is Archibald Strong. Has he waited long?"

Reuel before the maid could answer, Reuel repeated the name.

"Archibald Strong? Can it be that he is here?"

"And may I ask if you know him?" Mrs. Walling said.

"We were roommates at college—friends. He does not know that I live here. It was Mr. Randolph's whim that no one should know that."

"Mr. Randolph is a man of many whims, Mr. Dunbar. What will he say to this?"

"He could not do less than welcome your friend, Mrs. Walling. I hope you can insure Archibald a welcome. When I have seen my aunt if you please——"

"I shall tell him to wait for you."

It was after Reuel's meeting with Mrs. Hodges upon her return from her unsuccessful visit to the city that he went to the little parlor where his friend waited for him.

"Archibald, old man!" There was a wringing hand clasp, a few quick words, and the two men stood apart silently regarding each other.

Archibald Strong was tall, dark, thin-faced, eager. A successful lawyer and still a young man. He was the exact opposite of Reuel, wide awake, keen witted, a man to hold a hand with other men.

"What need have I to tell you that I envy being here. I was passing near enough to run over for a peep at my friends, never dreaming that you would be among them."

Almost at once Archibald Strong began to speak of Shirly and her sudden illness. Mrs. Walling could tell him no little. Reuel wondered at the man's eager interest.

"You shall see him shortly. I think he can not be far. I will have him overtaken and brought to you." And then they talked of old times until the doctor returned. Somehow Reuel felt that his friend would like to see Doctor Blount alone. He hardly understood why, but the dark, keen face had paled when Shirly's illness was mentioned. So when the Doctor's step sounded again in the hall, Reuel quietly left the room.

"You," Archibald Strong said, when Leon Blount was gone, "you here!"

"We, yes, Mr. Strong. It is I. Is it hands up?"

"No, it is only hands off. Another physician will be found for Miss MacGregor. Go your way. I shall not interfere with you farther than this. Is there some one you can do me the kindness to send?"

"You?"

"Yes. Is there a physician beside yourself in the neighborhood? It would be better for you to give the case up, you know."

The calm dark eyes looked straight into the handsome quailing ones.

"There is Doctor Black. I am his assistant. He is known in the house."

"Then send him."

"You take authority——"

"That will do."

Marie stood agape in the hall, watching the fine young doctor as he went away.

"Reuel," said Mr. Strong when later they sat together again. "May I invite myself here for a little while? I should tell you, old man, that Miss MacGregor is my promised wife, and I——"

"You need not allow you to go. Please don't think of it," Reuel interrupted quickly.

"Another visitor, Marie," exclaimed the cook. "And a lawyer, Mrs. Walling tells me, and quite civil she was, though she looks like a front-bitter persimmon, sure."

"A visitor, you say. Didn't I let him in, myself? A lawyer, indeed he is with a nose for a wolf-trap and an eye for the truth."

"Then it's busy that same eye and nose will be here; it's much of mystery there is in the cold place, an' it's snuffin' after it that he comes with a bit of cardboard feelin' the way."

"An' do you know that I let in old Doctor Black a while ago, late though it is an' that I'm thinkin' that between 'em they are too much for the handsome young doctor who has an eye in his head for lasses who are well, and a heart there that sticks."

"The botherin' spalpeen, to be castin' look at the folkes of you!"

"Now why should I mean that? I'm there, Miss Dunbar."

"An' a pretty critter she is an' it's too bad that she's mindin' her heart out for one last night with her trouble, an' the cry of the banshee."

"What ever scared her sister so, last night?" Them ha'nted old rooms, I shouldn't wonder——"

"He's older an' paler. I shouldn't be wonderin' if it was the Divil that's presented Mrs. Maloney, with a backward glance.

The new maid screamed shrilly.

"The old one come for—oh, Mrs. Maloney, if you favor me, you'll be after runnin' away."

"Fer Jadin' you he'll be, if you belong to him. ——— n't shet yourself up from him then thinkin' he'll be wantin' you, indeed."

And the cook turned her attention to the extra work that had come with all this company to River Crag.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRETTY ROSE DALY.

It was the next morning and Doctor Black was preparing to make his second visit to River Crag.

"You are coming with me, Blount, of course," he said.

"I believe not. There is really no need of it, and there is that patient down the mill road."

"I dare say you are right. We shall have to be marrying Rose some pretty girl, Blount. You'll be a better doctor then." And the old chronic laughed at his joke. Such a jolly, happy old man was Doctor Black with his red, shining face and his twinkling eyes and gray, pointed whiskers and his old-fashioned courtesy. He was a southern gentleman of the old school. Alas, that the race is so nearly extinct.

The old doctor gathered up the lines, touched the back of his sleek, lazy horse with them, and drove off to River Crag.

When he was gone Doctor Blount stood for a while in the office door watching the slow progress of the horse along the shady street, and then stepping into his buggy he, too, drove away. He was unusually grave as he turned into the mill road. The shadows were hanging the tree trunks when he came to the mill stand.

A picturesque place it was with its great wheel and its dam, its pond and its ever splashing water. A quaint and pretty picture enough with a glimpse of the miller's cottages at the top of the hill. A small, bird-nest place with swaying vines and fluttering roses and pinks. The miller's pretty daughter standing in the door.

As the doctor came near the mill and drew nearer to the cottage it was easy to see that of the pretty three it was only the miller's daughter that he saw. She was a plump little body, rosy-cheeked and dimpled. Her jet black hair was coiled low on her neck and rippled back prettily from a dainty parting. Her great, black-lashed eyes were happy now as they rested upon the doctor, and a smile of glad welcome played about her red lips. She wore a simple pink gown and a ruffled white apron. As you could see, she expected her name at once, so well did it suit her.

"Rose, I have wanted you," called the doctor, and catching up a white ruffled sunbonnet she put on her pretty hair and ran quickly down to the gate.

"That's a good girl. Now jump in. Isn't it about time for one of our drives?"

"Exactly time," she laughed, taking his hand and springing lightly to the seat beside him. "I expected you yesterday and I was sure of you last night. What has kept you?"

"Patients. You haven't been grieving, Rose. I never saw you prettier."

"You have come," she smiled. "It is too late that you should see me when you don't come. Such a woebegone creature as I am. But the first glimpse of you driven my cloud away. Now, Leon, you are sure yourself today. Tell me why?"

"Can't have two nights? I expected you when the moon rose, you knew. Haven't I told you that not even your patients are to come first? Let Doctor Black have them all. He is old and nobody waits for him at moon rise." She laughed and her white teeth flashed between the red lips.

"And were you disappointed, my pretty Rose?" He stopped to think of that moon rise night before last when she had waited for him.

Disappointed? Yes. You know that. Last night I waited, the night before I had waited, today is half gone. I began to think—Leon, I wished that the patient who kept you from me would die."

He smiled. "Did you wish that? The patient was a very dear lady of River Crag."

"A young lady? A pretty one, Leon? And there of all places?"

"She is more than pretty."

"And you were with her while I cried my heart out for you?"

"Did you want me so? Then let me tell you. I shall not go there again. Will that do?"

"Is she well now?"

"No. I send Doctor Black." The girl's face was radiant, as she heard him.

"Ah, you know my jealous heart. I can't bear it, Leon. I should do some dreadful thing if you forgot me, I know that."

"What queer eyes you have, little one. How could I forget you? But, Rose, I'm not worthy, indeed, I am not. You love me too well."

A soft, happy little laugh rang out. "How determined you are on that point. The last time it was that I did not love you enough." It was much later when the pair came down the mill road saw the doctor coming with pretty Rose Daly beside him.

Doctor Blount's visit was short, and he was absent-minded and silent as puzzled doctors are apt to be, and Rose Daly quickly sank to his heels and his pale, straightway doubled fists and looked at the silent doctor who quietly chewed his pencil, his eyes on the prescription paper, his mind away at River Crag.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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Lost vitality creeps upon men unawares. Do not consider yourself safe in ignorance while you are being dragged down by some terrible disease. So many of the cases may be, which—early ailments, excesses or overwork, neglect, the after effects of contagious diseases, premature loss of strength and memory, weakness of the generative organs, impotency, varicocele and shrunken parts. This special remedy will cure you at any stage before quite beyond remedy, such as stunting of growth and insanity. "Calthos" goes directly to the seat of the trouble, no matter of how long standing, and the patient feels the benefit of the first days' treatment. In 5 to 90 days the medicine used five will make you feel like a new man.

The Von Mohl Co. often receives the most astonishing testimonials from persons who have taken the "Calthos" treatment. They have thousands of testimonials from those who have been permanently cured after having been given up by doctors, indeed and ruined in health by discpasable and medical advice, and when they had given up their last hope for health and happiness. No sensible person will doubt this, and it must be for a testimonial as an admission that he had any of the diseases for which the preparation of "Calthos" is a specific cure. Some irresponsible advertisers are using the name of "Calthos," but the Von Mohl Co. invariably declines to make public the names or correspondence of any patients who have been cured by "Calthos."

Five days' treatment will be given in your hands free of cost, and you are earnestly urged to try our own sake to send for it without delay. Write to-day and send your address. It is not necessary to give references or details of your symptoms. The book accompanying the five days' treatment will enable you to take the medicine in private and treat yourself successfully at home. It costs nothing to try the remedy. It will prove a great deal more to let this offer go by. Address in confidence, THE VON MOHL CO., 324 H, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States.

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Ocean Steamer's Term.

An outgoing domestic male.

Trouble Either Way.

He had caught the youth in the alley leading to the stage entrance to the theater, and his grip was no gentle one, says the Chicago Post.

"Let go of me, fellow!" exclaimed the youth. "You'll wrinkle my coat; that's what you'll do if you don't look out."

"Say!" returned the gruff one, without deigning to notice the protest, "ain't you the fella that sent a big bunch of roses to the girl in blue on the right end of the front line of the chorus?"

"What if I did, fellow?" answered the youth, making a valiant attempt to be brave and evidently believing the term "fellow" the most terrible he could use under the circumstances.

"Ain't you the fella that sat in the second row on the aisle?" persisted the gruff one.

"What if I am?" demanded the youth. "Just you let me go or I'll call a policeman."

"What if you are?" echoed the gruff one. "Well, if you are I want to know what you mean by trying to flirt with my daughter. See? And I'm going to find out, too, and don't you forget it."

"Your daughter!" exclaimed the youth, beginning to see real trouble ahead. "Your daughter! I—I—Why, me good fellow, I wasn't trying to flirt with your daughter."

"You isn't."

"Certainly not. It was all a mistake. I assure you. Florist must have got it wrong, you know."

"Sure!"

"Why, certain. The girl the second from the end was the one I had my eye on."

"No," exclaimed the gruff one. "You'd give a pretty girl like my daughter the go-by for a little dried up thing like that, would you? You come there to pick out a pretty girl to send some flowers to, and then you pass right over a regular beaut like my daughter and take a scrawny thing of 34 that's been in the chorus fifteen years? Well, I guess not. If I don't lick the tar out of you it'll be because a policeman gets here too quick. If I don't teach you not to slight my daughter with your flowers and your notes, I'll just about—

Just at this juncture the fun began.

Caught On.

"O, yes," said Miss Flyppe. "Mr. Gayson is a nice enough fellow, but he ought to have his clothes made by a tailor."

"How do you know he doesn't?" asked young Threegrins.

"How do I know? I can tell hand-me-downs on anybody by the way they fit."

"That means," bitterly soliloquized young Threegrins, as he wended his way homeward an hour later, "that I'll have to pay $35 instead of $15 for my next suit."

A Far-Seeing Husband.

Mrs. Midley—Charles is such a dear fellow! He never goes away without kissing me.

Mrs. Sowerby—You don't suppose there is anything like business before pleasure' in his mind when he is going away, do you, dear?

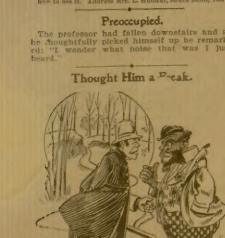
Free to Invalid Ladies.

A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with bearing trouble, displacements, leucorrhœa, etc., sent free to ladies with full instructions how to use it. Address Mrs. L. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

Preoccupied.

The professor had fallen downstairs and as he thoughtfully picked himself up he remarked: "I wonder what noise that was I just heard."

Thought Him a Freak.



Mokey—Why dime do dey feed de animals down to de zoo?

Officer—O dunno, are yez gittin' hungry?

Pa's Gramerfone.

"Pa brought home a gramerfone the other day," said Johnnie. "You know what a gramerfone is, don't you? It's a thing what you wind up an' set a goin' an' sumtimes it's talkin'. I dunno what makes it, but it sounds just 's if there was sumbody in it, but there isn't, cause I looked once to see.

"I asked pa how 'twas fixed, an' he sed there was sum rubber in it an' folks sung or talked up against it an' it made marks on the rubber, an' then when the thing was wound up 'twould git off the same stuff.

"But I guess pa was tryin' to fool me. It don't make no marks on rubber when you talk up against it, 'cause I tried it on ma's rubber tires. I talked an awful while against one of 'em, an' it never made a mite of eny marks on it.

"Pa won't let nobuddy wind up that gramerfone but just hisself, an' he keeps it agoin' the time when he's round. He sets it agoin' when he first gits up in the mornin' an' he alwus commences with a crazy man's talk.

"That's an orful piece, an' it made me feel orful funny in my throat when I first heard it, an' ma don't like the piece neither, but pa plays it all the same.

"An' last night it rained an' pa couldn't go ridin' an' kept the machine goin' till most mornin'. He played everything all over an' over as much as ten times, I should think. An there's one orful funny thing.

"There's a piece 'bout a Kentucky home. An' when pa put that on, it went 'long all right till it got to 'weep no more,' an' then it kept sayin' that all the time: 'Weep no more, weep no more,' an' pa sed he guessed the darned thing was goin' to 'weep all night,' an' so he stopped 'er. He found a great big scratch on her, so he couldn't play it no more.

"I laid awake an orful while listenin' to it, an' bime by I heard ma holler 'I'm a-goin'!' an' told him to shut the ole thing off an' come to bed, an' he did.

"This mornin' he had it goin' agin while he was eatin' brefust, an' the door bell rung. 'Twas the landlord, an' he sed the neighbors was complainin' 'bout pa's music box an' he sed pa mustn't play it after 9 o'clock at night.

"An' pa sed the neighbors might go hang thetselves an' he darned. He sed he'd bin a puttin' up with their noise for a good menny years, an' now he was goin' to make a little himself, just to show 'em how good 'twas.

"He sed there was a baby 'cross the street that wuuldn't stop wurrin' all night, an' he sed there was a peanner both sides of him an' two fiddles an' he'd play 'em all out.

"Ma see pa'll have to mind the landlord, but I dunno whether he will or not."

Shattered Idol.

"I used to think Barlow's wife was a woman who knew something. I imagined that she had brains and used them."

"Well, don't you think so any more?"

"Let us drop the subject. She was my partner in a duplicate whist roast last night."

His Limit.

"I have noticed, Clara," said the fond father, "that young Meanboy has spent a good deal of time with you lately."

His daughter sighed. "You are right, dad," she answered, "but that is about all he has spent."

Makes Her Fly.

Mrs. Green has discharged her hired girl.

"Too pretty, was she?"

"Yes, indeed, she heard her husband call the girl an 'angel.'"

"So, of course, she has no earthly use for her."

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Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Unexpected.

"What is meant by the unexpected happening, sir?"

"Well, I hear your father coming in, and it isn't quite 12 o'clock."

Popping the Question.

The question grave to her I popped,
Her answer was a "No;"
And yet within my heart there cropped
No trace of pain or woe.

If yes or no—I didn't care,
I simply asked the question;
"Well, now, I like this underwear,
But will the color fade?"

Childhood.

Jimmy and Tommy, who are the noisiest children in Yorkville, were playing.

"Let's play on this doorstep," suggested Tommy.

"No," Jimmy said, "there isn't any fun in doing that. This is an empty house. Let's go down the street and play. I know where there's a newspaper man's house. He works all night and sleeps in the daytime."

And the pair of chorubs started off to the spot where the maker of thoughts for 10,000,000 ladies and gentlemen was trying to replenish his empty think tank by the balmy sleep process.

At the Opera.

Jack—Do you think she is the wife of the man she is with?

Tom—Certainly. Don't you see that she monopolizes the opera glasses?

That Cooking.

Mrs. Benham—I believe there's a burglar in the pantry where I put the pie I baked this afternoon.

Benham—If he tips the pie over on to him he'll never get up.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

THE SUPREME TEST.

Good-natured?

Good-natured? Why, I have actually known him to sneak kindly to his wife when she was repeated the typewriter.

Did You Make a Hit Last Night?

"Did you make a hit last night?"

"No, but somebody in the audience did."

Grasped It.

"Would you believe," said a thriftless young man to a friend, "that a fortune was in my grasp last evening?"

"How so?" asked the friend.

"I shook hands with a girl whose fingers were covered with diamonds."

As to Prices.

"Do you believe in the doctrine that every man has his price?"

"No. Many an egotist has put his price so high that he wouldn't be able to get it if he lived a thousand years."

Characteristic.

The visitor (viewing the new baby)—Do you think he is going to resemble his father?

The Mother—I shouldn't be surprised. He cries me to every night.

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Mrs. Jenks—How long did it take to consume that box of cigars your uncle sent you with Christmas?

Mr. Crank—About five minutes: the furnace was very hot.

"Biggest Show 'Cept One."

A circus was coming to a southern town, and every barn and every fence within a radius of fifty miles or so had been filled with the usual lurid circus announcements. An old-time darky and a young yellow "dude" were gazing at the bills and wondering.

"Barnum and Bailey's circus. The biggest show on earth," read the youngster.

"What—what's dat?" asked the old-time darkey, looking up his ears.

The other read again the legend of the show-bills.

"You don't know what you is talking about, nigger. Dat show kain't touch John Dobbinsen's. He use to come fo' here, and dat was a show wuth seein'. Dat was the biggest show on dis earf, she suff'."

The old man had evidently not been to a circus for many years. The darkies swear by John Dobbinson throughout the south, anyway.

"Read it for yourself, then," said the dude. "I tell you that thing says this is the biggest show on earth."

The old man proceeded to spell out the big letters. He waded through "Barnum and Bailey," and after a rest began on the remainder of the sentence:

"B-i-g-g-e-s-t s-h-o-w o-n e-a-r-t-h S-e-p-t. I'"

"I knowed it! I knowed it!" shouted the old man, running up and down in his glee. "De bigges' show 'cept one—dat one was John Dobbinsen's."

Liked It.

Said Mrs. Fondmother to her son, who is unduly partial to the softer sex:

"Don't you put any reliance on what the girls tell you. They are awful liars and will fool you every time."

"Yes, but how nice they do it," replied the enamored youth, with a beatific smile.

The Idiot.

"Saw you on a weighing machine this afternoon," said the Cheerful Idiot. "Were you thinking of suicide?"

"Suicide?" repeated the typewriter.

"Yes. Doing a weigh with yourself."

Wanted It Soon.

Gerald—I'll bet you a kiss on the result of the next presidential election.

Geraldine—Isn't there any election before that?

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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A Nice Prospect.

Gobbler—Oh, you feel very tickled over Christmas coming, don't you?

Boy—Yes, and when it gets here you'll feel very much cut up over it.

A PROTEST.

By Harry J. Samley.

Upon the roofs and the streets below,
Into the eyes till they could not see,
Daintily drifted the beautiful snow,
Whirling and eddying wild and free.
No one knew what it came there for,
No one wanted it—everyone swore,
But it whirled and drifted more and more;
Whirled and drifted in fiendish glee.

O come with your perfume, winds of May,
And waft me far from this frozen strand—
Swift, in your tender arms, bear me away
Into that enchanted fairy-land
Where icy winds shall never awake,
Where snow-clouds never loom up and break,
Where there's not enough winter to frost a cake,
O, haste and bear me away!

ABOUT HIS NECK.

His Shocking Found at Last but in the Wrong Place.

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.

Haines re-read the telegram as he went to the station.

"Limited train arrives too late; take the L. & N. tonight. Look out for Miss Nelson on same train."

It was not convenient to start that night, but a wedding seems to possess the right of way over all other engagements, and as he was to be Linton's best man, there could be no disputing the orders from headquarters.

Haines felt that he was making quite a concession to take part in the wedding at all. Such things were not much in his line. He was a rising young barrister whom the

There she sat, bright and alert.

older men in the profession considered something of a prodigy. But he had worked hard for his success, and his life was encircled by a chain of law books. Even now, as he boarded the sleeper, he drew a couple of briefs from his pocket and was soon oblivious to his surroundings. There were several rather knotty questions involved, and an hour passed before he disposed of them satisfactorily.

He stood up, shook himself and was just in the midst of a prodigious yawn, when his mouth snapped together like a trap.

Sitting in the opposite section was a very pretty girl who had glanced up just in time to gaze full into his open countenance. He put down abruptly and picked up a newspaper.

Ignorance and fear are closely allied, and as Haines knew nothing of women he consequently feared them. He never talked to a girl without experiencing a nervous dread, least she should laugh at him. One of the direst calamities that he could imagine was to be made ridiculous in the eyes of a woman. When he went into society he was always on the defensive, and weighed his words carefully before uttering them. So even this trivial occurrence annoyed him, and he sat with his back to the girl across the way, and looked severely at the paper.

He was not reading, for the thought had come to him that this was probably the Miss Nelson mentioned in Tom's telegram. She was to be maid of honor at the wedding and consequently came out of church with Tom's sister. He hoped that she was tall, for he himself was above the small girl that towered so absurdly above a small girl that it would make him feel awkward. He could only remember that she had brown eyes and that she was on the brink of a sneeze when she saw him yawn. He at last ventured a glance.

She was leaning back, with eyes closed, apparently asleep. Haines took courage, and began a mental assessment. Not very tall, brunette, bright color, two boxes of flowers, a huge box of Huyler's, and a couple of novels. Altogether a decidedly attractive little person.

"Not tall enough, and her mouth lacks seriousness," thought Haines, but he also came to the conclusion that it was his duty to introduce himself. On second thought, however, he changed his mind. The day had been a hard one, he was not only worn out, but a wretched cough was making life a burden to him, so he decided to go to bed at once.

The first part of the night he coughed almost incessantly. It was an irritating, persistent cough that would be nothing. He felt that he must be annoying to the other passengers in fact the fat man in the next berth, swore audibly several times.

Perhaps it was his disturbed night that caused Haines to over-sleep next morning, at any rate when the porter called him he had only half an hour before Nashville. He was desperately sleepy, and his clothes seemed possessed with the demon of mischief. He had to hunt for every garment, and one sock doggedly refused to be found. He searched in the bare white foot and the soft patent leather one that appeared beneath the draperies.

He hastily got back in bed and rang the bell. He almost had to tie himself in a knot to sit in the berth, and his back ached from his cramped position. Impotent wrath filled his soul, and he dragged the covers this way and that, tossed the pillows about with savage violence. When the porter arrived, he told him his trouble in a low voice. The man began a systematic search, first inside the berth, then out. He looked under the seats, and even mounted the ladder and explored the upper berth.

The fat man became deeply interested and inquired the object of his search.

"Gent lost his sock, sir," called back the porter in stentorian tones. Haines had murder in his heart, and his view of the situation from his perch-hole, did not soothe his feelings. The porter and the fat man were making such a hilarious search, and the pretty girl was laughingly watching the proceedings. She even pulled her own dainty skirts one side, and looked about on the floor for the missing article. This was more than he could stand. He rang the bell again savagely. "Never mind about it," he said gruffly to the porter. The porter's head appeared, "get my traps together and brush me off." They were almost in Nashville, so he was forced to don his cold shoe and with the courage born of despair, his patent leather one. Then he brushed.

He would not have glanced down at his neighbor for a fortune. It would be harrowing enough when he had to meet her eye. Suddenly the porter in brushing his coat collar gave a delightful exclamation: "Yeah his foot, yeah his," he cried triumphantly, as he pulled from around Haines' throat, a dainty blue silk sock. In a flash it all came back to him. The night before, when he had coughed so persistently, he had pulled out of church something soft and warm to put around his throat, and he remembered when he was a small boy, his old black mammy tying a stocking around his neck to keep him from coughing.

The fat man discovered the joke at once, and lifted his voice on high and laughed as only fat men can laugh. Haines thought it the most disagreeable laugh he had ever heard, and when the porter joined in he found it insupportable. Then, as a final stroke, there was a convulsive sound from across the way, which ended in a subdued burst of merriment that struck terror to his very soul. He took refuge in ignominious retreat, and shamelessly fled the scene. He stood on the platform until the train pulled into the station.

Linton was waiting and welcomed him warmly. He turned to a tall red-haired girl at his side. "Let me present you to Miss Nelson," he said, "she was to have been your fellow-passenger, but she came yesterday afternoon instead."

Haines looked at her bright blue, spectacled eyes, then cast a furtive glance at the sleeper he had left. The train was just pulling out, but he saw a familiar, round-as-flag face at one of the windows. He completely forgot his discomfiture, forgot even his shyness.

Deliberately lifting his hat, he smiled back at the girl until the train disappeared.

"You came down with friends, did you?" said Tom.

"No," said Haines, ruefully, "with an enemy?"—Truth.

A MARVEL.

By Reginald F. Mead.

She never was a stenographer,
Of love of pirates gory,
Nor lectured on the theme of women's rights;
She was no gay reformer
Nor itinerant lawn-sprayer,
Nor figured o'er in school election fights.

She did not play a fiddle,
Nor ask wretched, hubby riddle,
"How to make the pie and coffee like his ma."
But her fame is
And her fame is reached the Golden Gate,
And its echoes have been heard amid the stars.

A Story of Winnie Davis.

Apropos of the death of Miss Winnie Davis, the Philadelphia Press quotes a story told about her by a Philadelphia man. He was a colonel under the stars and bars, and is now a rich man. "But five years ago I wasn't," he says. "I'd lost every penny I'd had before the war, and I had not made many since. As a stump in the west had done for me, and I put up at a New York hotel with just enough to pay my bill and no more. My nerve gave way, and I was taken ill.

"The doctor said I must have a long rest and a complete change of scene. I said I might as well be grave, and change this scene for that of the next world, but that I had no money or friends and would never leave the city any way but feet first. Well, Miss Davis was staying at that hotel. She knew I wouldn't accept money from her, so she got the doctor to pretend he was lending me his own. I got well abroad and came home cured and already on the way to wealth. It was only then that I found out to whom I owed my life.

National Greetings.

"How are you?" That's Swedish.
"How do you are?" That's Dutch.
"How d'ye you stand?" That's Italian.
"Go with God, senor." That's Russian.
"How do you live on?" That's Egyptian.
"How do you how yourself?" That's Polish.
"Thank God, how are you?" That's Arabian.
"May thy shadow never grow less." That's Persian.
"How do you carry yourself?" That's French.
"How do you do?" That's English and American.
"Be under the guard of God." That's Ottoman.
"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.

Even Up.

While Frederick Remington was in the west he observed a well-executed portrait in a dark room on the wall of a cabin, and asked whose picture it was. "That's my husband," said the woman of the house carelessly.

"But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist, who resented the fate of his picture in the academy.

"So was my husband," snapped the woman, and the artist discontinued the observations.

Her View of It.

Clara—You must have refused Harry Sparkle last night.

Maude—How did you know?

Clara—He told me this morning he had a narrow escape.

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26 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Wednesday

BY

W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,

113, 115 DEARBORN ST.,

Chicago, Illinois.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Copy One Year - - - - - - - $1.00
One Copy Six Months - - - - - - .50

(IN ADVANCE.)

Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger.

One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters and Subscription Agents.

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second class matter.

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A French doctor recommends a course of staying in bed as the best cure for insanity.

The inventor of the Keely motor is dead. Long live the motor.

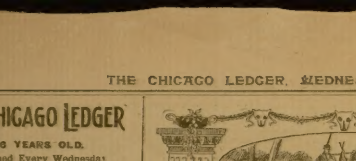
Dewey is having better luck raising Spanish warships at Manila than Hobson had in raising the wrecks of Cervera's once powerful fleet.

Tesla insists that his latest and most marvelous invention, by which electric energy can be transmitted and directed through the air, without wires, is surely destined to succeed.

The Boston correspondent of the New York World went to Theodore Roosevelt's opening lecture at the Lowell institute, and he telegraphed his paper that there wasn't a single dress suit nor an evening gown in the whole audience. The men, he says, bagged at the knees and bulged at the forehead. The women wore their walking dresses and sat in rigid dignity with their outer wraps on. It was perfectly awful. Apparently the scribe thought he was writing of an institution like the New York Lyceum, which is very much all gowns and swallow-tails and no bulging brows to speak of.

Admiral Dewey, the greatest naval hero of the war, commands today the highest price in the literary market. He has thus far received the highest bidder. The editor of McClure's Magazine cabled to him recently an offer of $5,000 for one short article on the Philippines. Admiral Dewey's response by cable was: "Thanks, but I am too busy."

Lieutenant Hobson, the Merrimac hero, received offers of $5,000 from two magazines for an article describing his exploit at Santiago. Lieutenant Hobson, though a modest hero and a sincere, straightforward officer, put himself in the hands of a lawyer, who managed to obtain $6,000 for the article, which Lieutenant Hobson refused to write. The Century got it. These prices put the naval hero above the literary genius, although the latter within one year Rudyard Kipling has been offered by a newspaper $1,000 for 1,000 words and has declined it. The regular price paid for his short stories of this extraordinary young man is now $150 a thousand words and for his short stories from $2,000 to $1,500 each. Conan Doyle received only $250 for the first of the series of Sherlock Holmes' adventures. Several American publishers are ready to pay him $2,000 an article for anything else an ounce. The prices of first-class authors are getting higher every year. Kipling has been paid fifty cents a word for a poem, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps $3 per line for poetry.



A RED REVENGE.

The Story of a Woman Who Married for a Strange Purpose---Mystery Made Clear.

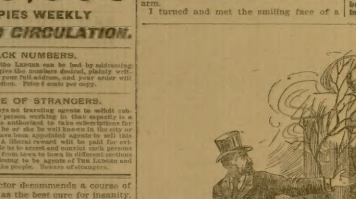
By WILLIAM DWIGHT BURROUGHS.

Though I was very early, yet there were thousands before me to witness the execution, and while I waited in the crisp morning air, which compelled me to button my coat up closely, I discovered that the throngs of men, women and children who had assembled to see the death of one of their fellow creatures, was composed almost entirely of the low, rough element to be found in every large city.

Lining the pavements in files and occupying the center of the thoroughfare in groups, this morbidly curious folk sang, jested, and laughed, filling the air with their vile oaths, bursting into coarse laughter at rude jokes, and singing snatches of the low variety songs heard at the theater the night before. The scene was one of life and animation and to me it seemed cruelly out of place in this street of death.

I had come to see the workings of the guillotine for myself, and gazing in the direction of the machine of death I was soon wrapped in dreamy contemplation, from which I was aroused by a touch on the arm.

I turned and met the smiling face of a



"Farewell, farewell" I shrieked and hastened away.

gray-haired old gentleman, whose very bright little eyes beamed, full of life and fire, through gold-rimmed spectacles, from a face shrunken and wrinkled with age. He wore a high hat, spotless linen and fine broad-cloth, carried an ebony polished cane and fumbled with a massive watch chain as he inquired:

"You are an American?"

I acknowledged that I was.

"And so am I," he added, apparently much pleased. "I noticed you in the crowd and came to invite you to occupy the balcony yonder with us. From it we can better see Monsieur Deibler in the discharge of his duties."

I readily accepted the invitation and was, of a truth, glad that I had met so congenial a gentleman.

As we proceeded to the balcony indicated, he introduced himself as Roger Mallory, a retired commission merchant of New York. For years he had been spending his time and money gratifying his desire for travel. Living the life of a bachelor, he had had fallen a prey to the wiles of Cupid, and was married but three days before. His bride, a French lady, had come with him to see the execution, and was on the balcony awaiting us.

I told my story; how I was a Chicago hotel clerk, physically unfit for active vocation, a little money, and bound to see the sights of Paris. Then I told him of the reform him that I was not witnessing the execution in search of professional knowledge, as that form of degradation had not yet been approved of in the state of Illinois.

We were still laughing over this feeble and ghastly witticism when we stepped upon the balcony and I was introduced to Madam Mallory.

From the moment my eyes first fell upon this beautiful young woman I wondered what could have induced her to marry the dried-up little man.

She was young, about eighteen years of age, and the picture of health and loveliness, and as she smiled and gracefully inclined her head in acknowledgment of the introduction I thought I had never before seen a creature so beautiful. She was quiet and reserved, and I thought I could detect an expression of sadness on her countenance, that made her all the more lovely, as she gazed out over the crowd.

"Would you rather not see this, Marie?" inquired the husband.

"No, no, I desire to see it," she replied, hastily, as though she feared she would be denied the right to see the terrible affair. She used English fluently.

While Mallory told me something of the man to be executed, she continued her survey of the crowd.

The criminal was Pierre Lavez, the leader of the Parisian nihilists of to-day, and he had assassinated a high police official, whom he had stabbed to death on the street. Mallory had been a witness to the crime and through his identification the murderer had been captured several weeks later and convicted. The death-blow had been dealt with a dagger (the point of which broke off as it struck some part of the victim's bony frame-work), and had been removed by a surgeon, and after the trial fell into the hands of Mallory, who showed it to me. It was a commonplace bit of metal, but I gazed at it curiously as I listened to the tale of assassination with which it was so closely connected.

As my friend finished his interesting story, the rumble of carts, the clatter of hoofs and clank of sabers greeted our ears, and the procession of death swung around a corner at a gallop on to the bread plaza. A squad of mounted gendarmes wheeled past our place of review and the death-cart followed.

Mallory was much agitated as he caught sight of the doomed man, and his wife stood with flushed face, biting her lip nervously and gazing steadfastly at the assassin.

Laves was seated in the cart beside a priest, and the hands of his arms were shackled. His eyes wandered about restlessly until they fell on our little group of three.

Instantly his features underwent a change, and rising deliberately to his feet, he raised his free hand toward heaven, and his lips moved as if in prayer.

The penetrating gaze of the doomed wretch seemed to pierce the very soul of Madame Mallory, on whom it evidently directed.

"'Tis a curse! He curses me!" exclaimed my friend's wife, and, pale and excited, he sank down into the seat from which he had arisen at the approach of the procession.

Madame Mallory seemed not to notice her husband's trepidation, and was apparently unmoved by the unusual action of the criminal.

Laves was soon at the side of the death engine and in another moment was thrown beneath the big knife. There was a flash of light as the shining blade darted down, a bloody head rolled into a wicker basket, Mallory uttered a little exclamation of horror, his wife burst into tears, and all was over.

The husband gently chided his bride for having insisted on seeing the execution, which he had predicted would be too trying to her nerves.

"I want you to come out and see us," he said, as he helped her into a waiting carriage and was about to enter it himself.

"We may become great friends." His wife joined in the invitation and I promised I would visit them.

One evening not long afterward I hailed a cab and gave the driver Mallory's address. It was a very long distance and the ride bored me. Mile after mile the vehicle rattled along and I began to think cabby had lost his way. We left the thickly-populated section of the city and open lots became more frequent, when we finally halted before a large chateau.

The architecture of the building was of a style somewhat ancient, and it was surrounded by a grove of gnarled and knotty trees. The lawn was neglected and untidy and the whole exterior appearance gave the impression of a careless householder.

Within there was an air of neatness and tidiness, in sharp contrast to the outward appearance. The furnishings of the house were elegant and antique pattern and rare value. The building was traversed by large and broad halls. Velvet carpets covered the floors, portieres replaced doors, and costly bric-a-brac of odd designs ornamented the little niches and corners that seemed to abound everywhere.

Mallory greeted me heartily. I was just the fellow he wanted to see, he said, for he thought I might be able to assist him in some of his new places, and that the library he told me of the mental anguish he had endured during the past few days and feared an attack of the nihilists. He confidently believed that they would avenge the death of Laves and was ever haunted by the remembrance of the curse placed upon him by the assassin as he was led up to America.

Before he left Paris, however, he desired to learn who Pierre Laves really was. The assassin had been a man of wealth, education and refinement, and it was believed he was from a family of high social standing. Mallory's discoveries, subsequent to the capture of the man and the authorities believed he could help them unravel some of the mysteries of the anarchistic crew.

"See here," said Mallory, as we talked over the matter, and taking a small card case from his pocket; "you may be able to do something with this."

He handed me the bit of steel broken from the dagger of Laves.

"The man or woman who has the dagger that that fragment of metal will fit into, can tell the story of Pierre Laves!"

"But I can remain no longer in Paris. The strain on my nerves is too great for me to be constantly battling with. I am daily in fear that nihilists will work their anger on me or my little household. They may strike me down as I pass through the street; they may murder me in bed; they may steal my pretty young wife away. As quickly as possible I must go to America. I shall leave within a week. I can endure this no longer.

"I rue the day that I attended the executions, for I cannot forget the glaring, gleaming eyes of that wretch as he passed me in the death vehicle. They stared at me awake, and at night they fill my restless sleep with horrible dreams!"

Mallory was becoming more and more agitated as he talked, and fidgeted nervously in his chair as if he would spring up and hurry at once from the scene and remembrance of the part played by him in the conviction and execution of Laves.

"I cannot move," he continued; "I cannot turn, but that I see those eyes turned on me—but that I hear a voice whisper in my ears! They haunt me when I kneel in prayer; they follow me when I ride; always and ever they are with me! I see them now! There! There! I see them now!"

The wretched man struggled to arise, and pointing a long bony finger toward the door, fell fainting at my feet.

I followed his gaze, but there was no one there but Madame Mallory, who had listenes heard her husband's excited language and had hurried in to quiet him.

He soon revived and begged me to pardon him for his display of weakness.

In spite of this unpleasant episode we spent a very pleasant evening, and when I left Mallory and his charming wife, calmly, and he had secured my promise to help settle up some of his business affairs. His fear of the nihilists I tried, but in vain, to dispel, although he was in the very best of humor at parting. Madame Mallory accompanied me to the door and waved their hands as my carriage drove away in the dark.

A tiresome ride back to my hotel made me drowsy and I went to my room at once, intending to retire with as little delay as possible, but was surprised to find that before I had hardly time to get within the door, it was announced that a carriage waited me at the street!

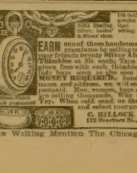
In very bad humor I hurried downstairs, where I was confronted by a hackman who said he had been ordered by a messenger to call and drive me to Roger Mallory's house.

"Is the mystery was this?

"My good man, I have just come from there," I argued.

"I know it. I have received the order, which states it is an important case, as M. Mallory's wife is ill, and I must drive at A1, first I was disinclined to go, suspect-

(Continued on page eleven.)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A RED REVENGE.

(Continued from page ten.)

ing it some trick to do me an injury. The next moment I found myself laughing away my fears, and thrusting a revolver into my pocket, as a matter of precaution, was soon in the vehicle on my way back to my curious friend's house.

Away we rattled through the night, dashing rapidly past belated pedestrians, other carriages, around corners and across lots. Finally, I fell into a doze, wondering doze, and was just getting comfortably sleepy when the carriage stopped, the door threw open the door, and announced the arrival at the Mallory home.

"Wait for me, cabby," I ordered, and hurried through the yard to the house.

As I entered the portals, a feeling of [illegible] and a cold, clammy sensation stole over me. The house was in darkness except for a light in an upper room, which shone dimly through the curtained window.

I was surprised to find the front door wide open, and I peered into the darkened of the hallway to see if anyone awaited my coming. I could perceive nothing but the cold glistening of some ornamental silver plate, whose vague outlines were just discernible in the almost impenetrable darkness.

I rapped; at first moderately, and then, receiving no response, I rattled the knocker with vigor. The echoes awakened and died away in the corridors of the mansion and I waited in vain for a reply.

Mr. Jones was by back to the carriage and leave the place at once, but as I turned, I discovered the driver lashing the horses into a gallop and driving rapidly away. I cried after him, but he did not hear nor heed me.

What did it all mean? I was now convinced that some terrible mystery enshrouded the house, if not, indeed, the very circumstances of my coming there. I was possessed with a fear that my life was in danger—that the fatal danger's point had probably trapped me in the meshes.

I felt little like laughing then at Mallory's fear of the nihilists, their awful power, and their relentless vengeance.

But, fired by desperation, I determined to enter the house and seek my friends, even though it be in the face of death itself, and to render them any assistance in my power.

With drawn revolver I stepped into the hallway—into the heavy, dark darkness and stillness of the big house. Another step forward and my fingers closed upon the door on the trigger of the weapon. I tried to call out, but my voice failed me. Again I tried and this time my voice rang out like the cry of a person imprisoned in an immense vault. Forward I went, feeling my way carefully, and becoming more fearful, yet more determined, each moment.

I found the stairs, and slowly made my way up to the second floor, hesitating at each step, and peering into the intense gloom in a vain endeavor to ascertain what was or might be, before me.

Visions of my friend greeting with the man, in whose house I is standing, through my mind; the crowds gathered to see the execution; Mallory and his wife, and my introduction to them; the mystery of the death of Gautois; Lavez and the malicious face he turned upon me; the fatal gift of the knife—I remembered all and somehow I felt that the mysteries of this night had something to do with Mallory! something to do with me!

Bewildered, I groped my way on.

With the greatest of difficulty I found the room in which I had seen the light from the street. What mystery was in the building—what horror lurked in concealment crime it had witnessed, I felt must be within the walls of this room. Instinctively I had made my way to it—instinctively I had reserved my courage and my strength until the moment that I should enter it.

Having finally located it, I paused before the door, and like one who is not quite sure whether he is awake or dreaming, drew my hand across my forehead, rubbed my eyes, and endeavored to collect my scattered demoralized senses.

I raised on the door but shrank back as the sound of the blows broke the stillness. There was no answer, nor had I expected one.

Grasping the knob, I turned it backward, and slowly, steadily, pushed the door open [illegible] its hinges creaking fearfully, distinct, in the while.

The flood of light pouring into the hall way blinded me. I stepped back and paused a moment to become accustomed to it before entering the room. Then I turned and looked into the apartment. My courage chilled the very marrow in my bones. My most awful suspicions had been verified!

Kneeling at the side of a bed was Mallory, his hands clasped, and his face raised to heaven, evidently in prayer. But the small gray eyes gazed meaninglessly at the ceiling, the shrunken, colorless lips were motionless, and my cry of alarm fell upon deaf ears.

The stranger had done his work!

He had struck when least expected—he had struck when the victim was on his knees in an attitude of prayer.

A dagger, a knife, or a stiletto had been plunged into the old man's back.

It was a keen eye that directed the blow and a hand that aimed it, for the weapon had entered Mallory's heart, and the old man had died instantly without knowing the cause of his death.

Blood stained his clothing, and a crimson pool had collected on the floor around the dead man's form.

I looked about the room for the bridegroom, but he was not there. I looked under her dead body, which I thought I would more likely find, but there was no sign of her presence, and I concluded that she had been abducted by the assassin.

Dazed and bewildered, I attempted to leave the room, intending to make my way to the street and give the alarm at once.

As I reached the threshold of the door, and for a moment turned to look again upon the ghastly sight, I heard the sound of a footstep in the hallway, and out of the darkness a form appeared at my side. Before I had time to advance or retreat, a terrific blow fell upon my head.

I staggered back and fell. I reeled; I was falling, and as I sank to the floor I pressed the trigger of the revolver.

A deafening explosion, a flash of fire, a scream—and I knew no more.

[illegible] unconsciousness I do not know. It could not have been long, but when I regained my consciousness my head was very painful and my brain in a whirl of excitement. I had fallen in the doorway. I remained motionless, and as I turned my eyes toward the spot where I last saw Mallory and his wife, I heard a groan, a sigh, and, raising myself on my elbow, listened. No sound, however, broke the grave-like stillness and I concluded that the fancied sound was but the imagination of a disordered brain. With great difficulty I arose to my feet and held on to the frame of the door for support. My head was throbbing, aching brow, I endeavored to think out the problem of the mystery.

Again I heard a groan, and this time I was sure I was not deceived by feverish fancies, but was positive that the sigh of petition in order to locate the sound

"Who's here?" I called out.

"Help!" came the reply; hands felt peculiarly warm and wet, and holding them up to the light, I saw they were red with blood.

I drew the body into the lighted space of the room, and with a cry of delicate form apparently a boy, over whose shoulders was flowing curls, and whose pale face was drawn across the face.

One small hand held a weapon, which was almost concealed by a fold of the lady's coat. I saw at a glance that the bullet from my revolver had entered the body of the would-be assassin, at a point near the heart, and knowing that death must be the fast nearing the portal of death.

"Speak, boy, what does this mean?" I said.

Only a low moan answered my inquiry. I lifted his head and gave a cry of surprise, for from his limp fingers to the floor. Picking it up, a glance showed the blood-stained a thrill through it.

It was a dagger with a broken point!

I turned once more to the light, and fumbling in my pocket, found the bit of blade that Mallory had given me.

Quickly, nervously, I [illegible] into the end of the [illegible] apon. It went into place as [illegible] the broken dagger of Lavez!

Wiping the blood from his side, I [illegible] the name "Pierre Lavez."

Turning the blade over I read on the other side, "Jean Gautois."

Lavez! the man who had been guillotined; the man whose death had been avenged by the dying boy at my feet!

"Why who was Gautois? This was the name of Mallory's wife before her marriage, was it not? Mallory, Gautois, and Lavez! [illegible] and [illegible] standing

I fell on my knees at the side of the wounded boy.

"Speak, boy, speak!" I cried, earnestly. "Who are you? Who is Jean Gautois? Where is Madam Mallory?"

I drew the cape back and looked into the dull, listless eyes. The features were finely

the face, unadorned by beard or mustache, was now ghastly with blood!

"Tell me all," I implored. "You are [illegible] Madam Mallory?"

The lips of the boy parted slowly, and the answer came in a faint whisper.

"Where? Where is she dying?" I cried.

There was no reply. I sprang to my feet in order to hasten to the side of the dying woman, and render her any assistance in my power. But where was I to find her? The boy would soon be dead, and with him the great mystery, which I was so eager to solve, must be beyond solution. I spoke to him again.

"Why did you killed Mallory?" I cried.

Faintly, but with an intonation of ex- the boy cried out with all his [illegible]

"Revenge!

"For whom?"

"My father!

"Who is Jean Gautois?"

"The same!

"The same! Was this a dream? Into those dying eyes and fa[illegible] seen them before. An

"Speak, I [illegible]

[illegible]eat and with it wiped the blood from [illegible] face. I listened. I gazed intently, eagerly, into the upturned [illegible]

[illegible] shrick

[illegible] [illegible]ainst the [illegible]

[illegible] there, dressed [illegible]

[illegible] and throbbing fore[illegible]

[illegible] of my hands; rubbed my eyes, and knelt again, gazing carefully in the features. I was not mistaken; it was she—the pretty bride of the night!

The whole horrible truth was now apparent, and I cried out in anguish at a realization of the inhuman affair. She had [illegible] the man but to avenge her father's death. Her father, Jean Gautois, supposed to have been dead, was [illegible] than the arch-nihilist, Lavez!

I threw myself on [illegible] the woman who had [illegible] [illegible] had [illegible] [illegible] or loosen that tongue, stilled now forever, in death.

There was a flash of fire, and smoke, as I saw the form near the candle [illegible] abra had taken fire and was burning rapidly. A dazzling idea flashed into my [illegible] brain. The secret of Mallory, the [illegible] of Gautois, the secret of Lavez, should die with them! I threw the [illegible] into the flames, and scattered the fire about the room. Snatching up a torch and [illegible] fiendish glee ran up and down the hallways, setting fire to woodwork of the house, to the curtains, portieres, and everything inflammable within my reach.

I seized the broken dagger to the floor, and after it the fragment of blade, and stepped down the stairs, blinded by the smoke and frenzied with excitement. Into the street I tottered and out into the street. With a cry of fiendish triumph I turned and gazed back at the old mansion, whose whole interior was now wrapped in the fire.

"Farewell!" I shrieked. "Farewell!" and hastened away.

Once more I stopped and surveyed the blazing structure. I saw the flames lick into the heaven livid flames and clouds of smoke rolling skyward from the funereal pyre. I saw the ghastly, [illegible] fire corpse dash by and then I hurried on until with sheer exhaustion, I fell to the ground.

Weeks afterward, when the delirium had gone, pale and haggard, weak and nervous, I had received two Paris forever, I read in a paper, published on the day after that of the burning of the Mallory mansion, now occupied by M. Roger Mallory [illegible] New York, was [illegible] destroyed by fire. Everything was lost, the firemen arriving too late to be of any service, the place a mass of ruins—a heap of [illegible]

The cause of the fire is unknown.

Mothers of Great Men.

Schumann's mother was gifted with musical ability.

Chopin's mother, like himself, was a [illegible]

Gounod's mother was fond of painting and music.

Spohr's mother was an excellent judge of music, but no musician.

Rossini often alludes affectionately to his mother in the most affectionate terms.

Weber's mother had a character peculiar as that of her gifted son.

Raleigh said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother.

Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother.

Haydn dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother.

Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at repartee.

Gibbon's mother was passionately fond of reading and encouraged her son to follow her example.

Charles Darwin's mother had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.

THEY WANT TO TELL

These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine are constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. Lizzie Beverly, 258 Merrimac St., Lowell, Mass., writes:

"It affords me great pleasure to tell all suffering women of the benefit I have received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care for a long time. Ulceration he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine saved my life, and I would recommend it to all suffering women."

Mrs. Amos Trombley, Ellenburgh Ctr., N. Y., writes:

"I took cold at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good. I surely thought I should die. I was also troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as ten times a day. One day a lady came to see me, and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and advised me to try it. From the first dose I took I felt only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work. I am now in perfect health."

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LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Though Lowly She Became Queen of a Prince's Heart.

There was once a poor baker-woman whose only daughter was as black as coal and as ugly as sin, and was therefore called by everybody "Tiszocinki," which means "blacker than burnt wood." Mother and daughter supported themselves miserably by baking bread, and Tiszocinki had to be on her legs from early morning to late night. "Hallos, Tiszocinki, get some hot water!" "Here, Tiszocinki, knead the dough!" Now, she had to run here and there, up and down stairs, with dirty pail on her head, to fetch from the people their dough for bread and cakes. Then she had to hurry once more with the heavy basket on her back to the same houses to deliver the newly-baked loaves and cakes. In short, poor Tiszocinki could not sit down to rest for a moment the whole day long.

Nevertheless, she was always in good spirits, and although the poor girl was covered over and over with pitch-black soot, and her tousled hair hung down in tangles, although her feet were bare and coated with dirt and mud, and although her body was often in rags, her voice so clear laugh could be heard ringing from one end of the street to the other.

As soon as the bells rang for vespers mother and daughter locked themselves into their room and did not even put the tips of their noses out of the window after that. This was all very well in winter, but in summer, when the whole neighborhood was amusing itself in the open air and going for walks in the moonlight, these two shut themselves up in their close room, which could really be no pleasure. The neighbors could not understand what it meant, and almost racked their brains to pieces from curiosity about it.

"Oh, baker-women, come into the open air for a little, come!" they cried in at the window.

"The air in here is much fresher!" the two replied.

"Oh, baker-women dear, how splendidly the moon shines!"

"We have a much more beautiful light in here!" answered mother and daughter from inside.

Then the neighbors said: "There is something wrong there' and made every effort to get to look in at the windows, or to listen behind the door to what went on in the house. After a long search they at last found a little chink in the door, looking through it were almost blinded by the brilliant light which met their eyes. They now, when they listened very quietly, they heard the mother say to her daughter:

Dearest Sunbeam, dearest Sunbeam!
If it good to heaven seem,
Some day the King will make you his Queen

Whereupon Tiszocinki's merry laugh rang out.

And all this went on every evening up to midnight. All the people were astonished at it, and at last the matter came to the story to the other.

In this way it also reached the king's ears, who fell into a furious passion, and ordered the baker-woman to appear before him.

"Old witch!" he cried out, when they stepped before the throne, "how can you, like this, I will have you and your black daughter thrown into the deepest dungeon!"

"Please, Majesty!" the baker-woman pleaded in a trembling voice, "not a word of the story is true; the neighbors have lied!"

Tiszocinki, too, could not help laughing at the king's suspicions.

"Aha! you laugh!" gasped the king, in a rage, and he had them both thrown into prison.

But during the night a wonderful light shone through the cracks of the cell door, nearly blinding the jailer, and at the same time heard the old woman sing

Dearest Sunbeam, dearest Sunbeam
If it good to heaven seem,
Some day the King will make you his Queen

Whereupon Tiszocinki broke out into such clear laughter that the whole prison resounded with it. The jailer hurried to the king and reported to him what he had seen and heard down to the smallest detail.

"So that is the way the wind blows!" said the king, and commanded that the mother and daughter should be thrown into the dungeon deep down under the earth, which was intended for the worst criminals.

This was a dark little place, filled with damp air, in which one could scarcely breathe. On all sides water had accumulated, so that not a single dry spot was left for the miserable prisoners to rest upon. But even here Tiszocinki's full brilliant shone, and the voice of the old woman

Dearest Sunbeam, dearest Sunbeam
If it good to heaven seem,
Some day the King will make you his Queen

The jailer went once again to the king, and related faithfully what he had again experienced in the night. But this time the king remained dumb with astonishment, and did not know in the least what to do.

Then he assembled the great ones of the kingdom, to take counsel with them about the matter. But they were not agreed among themselves. For some wished the king to behead them both, while the others assert-ed again and again that the baker women were innocent, and proposed, therefore, that they should quietly be set at liberty.

"For," they said to the king, "it is not the old woman say in her song, 'If it seem good to heaven.' Now, if it is the will of heaven, the king himself cannot prevent it."

The king let himself be persuaded by these arguments, and gave orders that the old woman and Tiszocinki should be released from prison. The baker-women were heartily glad of regaining their freedom, and began once more to carry on their miserable trade as before.

Now, as there was not a single baker in the whole town who could bake as excellently as Tiszocinki and her mother, the two latter immediately had their hands full of work again, and already on the first day after their release all their customers had come back to them. Yes, even the queen herself had her bread baked by them, and Tiszocinki now had often to climb the palace steps with her bread-and-dirt-covered feet in order to deliver her goods.

"Tiszocinki, why do you not wash your face?" asked the queen.

"Your Majesty, my skin is too tender—the water would ruin it."

"Tiszocinki, why do you not comb your hair?"

"Tiszocinki, why do you not buy yourself a pair of shoes—"

"My feet are too tender, the hard leather would rub them sore."

"Tiszocinki, then why does your mother call you 'Sunbeam.'"

"Because, if it seem good to heaven, I shall one day be queen," the maiden answered thereupon.

The queen was greatly pleased at these answers, but Tiszocinki sprang hurriedly down the palace steps with the heavy basket on her head. And at the same time she laughed so clearly that it could be heard from one end of the town to the other.

But the apparition in the night did not cease, and the neighbors were so bodily tormented by curiosity that neither food nor drink had any more taste for them. Scarcely had they sunk again the wonderful brightness, and heard the old woman's song than they were in a hurry to work to find out some means of getting to the bottom of the mystery.

"Hi, baker-woman!" one cried, "will you be so kindly as to lend me your flour sieve? Mine has a hole in it."

Tiszocinki opened the door and handed out the sieve.

"What! You are in the dark? And when I knocked it was as clear as day in your room!"

"Oh, you must have imagined that it was so."

"Baker-woman," called in another, "do not take my disturbance amiss, but perhaps you can lend me a needle. Mine has just broken, and my evening must be done by this evening."

Tiszocinki opened the door and held out the needle.

"What! You are quite in the dark? And when I knocked it was as clear as day in your room!"

"Ah! You must have imagined it." Tiszocinki answered

But it was not long before the story reached the ears of the young king, too. He was 16 years old, and of surpassing beauty. One day, when he was out on the palace steps the ugly Tiszocinki, with the tray under her arm and the basket on her head, he conceived such a great dislike to the poor girl that he turned away so as not to have to look at her. Indeed, he detested her so much that one day, when he met her on the narrow spiral staircase, he struck her a violent blow with his fist.

Then Tiszocinki returned home with her head full of tears, and wept bitterly.

"What has happened to you?" asked the mother.

The king's son spat in my face!"

"That may be the will of heaven," the mother comforted her; "the prince is our master."

But the neighbors were beside themselves with joy, and mocked poor Tiszocinki still more. "The king's son spat in her face," they jeered; "that must have tasted Sunbeam's face well."

Another time it happened that the young

SO KING CHOPPED SOME.

king met Tiszocinki on the landing in the palace, and it seemed to him that she just looked him with her head. Thereupon he became so angry that he pushed her violently away with his heel, so that the poor girl rolled right down to the bottom of the steps. The dough for the bread and cakes became covered with dirt, and was, besides, all out of shape. Who would have had the courage to take it back into the king's palace?

Now, when Tiszocinki reached home, she sweated and wept so bitterly that the neighbors heard her.

"Why do you weep so bitterly, my child?" asked the mother.

"The king's son kicked me and threw me down the palace steps, so that all the dough was scattered."

"The doctors of heaven are always good to the old woman consoled her; "young princes in our country are like that."

But the neighbors mocked again and jeered: "That must have been a pretty sight, Tiszocinki tumbling down the steps!"

Now some years had passed, and the king's son thought of marrying.

He sent his ambassador to the king of France to ask the hand of the king's daughter in marriage. But when the ambassador reached Spain he learned that the king's daughter had been married just the day before. The young prince was very angry at this, for he feared that the ambassador had tarried too long on the way. But the latter proved to him clearly that he had arrived half a day sooner than the swiftest travelers. And so the king became reconciled with the ambassador and sent him to the king of France to sue for the hand of the king's daughter. But when he arrived in France he learned that the king's daughter had the day before taken holy oath never to marry. And then, in accordance with her wishes, she had been shut up as a nun in a convent.

The king's son was so terribly angry at this

(Continued on page thirteen.)

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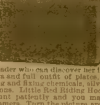

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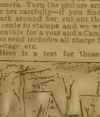

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LITTLE SUNBEAM.

(Continued from page twelve.)

this news that he wanted to have the ambassador, who always arrived a day too late, hanged. But the latter proved to him once more that, if he had raced with the swiftest traveler in the world, he would this time have reached his goal a whole day sooner than the traveler. The proof was satisfactory to the young prince, and so he commissioned the ambassador to travel to the ruler of Turkey, whose daughter he was to woo for the prince.

But when he reached the ruler's court, he learned that the day before a robber had stolen all the costly raiment, the gold ornaments, and the jewels of the ruler's daughter, so that she could not leave her home.

The poor ambassador had now to return once more without having accomplished anything. When the king's son heard the news he cried with vexation and rage, and the king, as well as the queen, and all the ministers, stood round him to console him. Now, there was only one king's daughter left whom he considered worthy enough to lead to the throne as his consort. This was the daughter of the king of England. Swift as an arrow the ambassador set out on his journey. Day and night he granted himself no rest until he had England under his feet. But, alas! scarcely had he set foot in the land than he heard all the bells begin to toll. The people were about with sad faces, and when he inquired the cause of this mourning, he learned to his horror that the king's daughter had died the day before.

One can imagine the state of grief into which the king's son fell when he heard the sad news from the mouth of his ambassador.

"He assembled the great ones of the kingdom, to take counsel with them.

In order to distract his mind and drive the sad thoughts out of his head, he one day went out hunting. But before long, having separated from his companions, he lost himself in a thick, thick forest. The further in he went, the more difficulty he had in finding again the path by which he had come, and at length he knew neither which was the way in nor the way out. At last, when it was already evening, he discovered under some dense trees an old, ruinous little house. As he found the door open, he went boldly in. But what was his astonishment when he saw a very aged man, with a long, flowing, snow-white beard, standing in the cottage. The old man had just kindled a fire of coals for supper.

"Good man," said the king's son, tremblingly, "could you perhaps show me the way to get out of this forest again?"

"You've come at last!" the old man roared at him, in such a terrible voice that he could neither see nor hear for fright.

"Good man, I do not know you; I am the king's son."

"King's son or no king's son! Take the ax there and bring some wood!" roared the old man.

Then the young king could not utter a word more for terror, and chopped some wood.

"Now get you gone and fetch some water from the spring!" was the next order.

The king's son did in silence what he was told to do, hung the pails round his neck, and hastened to the spring.

"Now wait on me at table!"

The king's son made no reply, but served the old man at table as he had been ordered to do. After the aged man had eaten and drank he gave him what was left.

"Now, lie down here," shrieked the old man. "That shall henceforth be your place!"

At these words he pointed to a little heap of straw which lay in the corner of the room, and the king's son at once cowered down upon it. But, however much he tried to go to sleep he could not close an eye the whole night long from terror and grief.

The old man with the long white beard was a magician, and also the ruler of the forest. Whenever he left his house he surrounded it with a magic net so that the young king could not escape, but remained his slave and also his prisoner.

Meanwhile the king and the queen, who had waited a long, long time for the return of their son in vain, believed that he was dead, and put on mourning for him. But one day the news reached them—it has never been found out how it came—that their son was still alive, but the slave and prisoner of a magician.

Then the king at once sent the cleverest people in his court to seek his son. At last, after long wanderings to and fro, they found the magician and said to him: "The king will give you as a present the most splendid treasure on his kingdom if you you will give him back his only son."

Then the magician laughed and said: "Oh, I am much richer than he!"

The king's consternation at this answer of the magician was great, and he sent once more his cleverest courtiers to him.

"What do you want to come here so soon again for?" he cried to them in a rough voice.

Then the ambassadors answered: "The king is ready to sacrifice his life to you, if you will give him back his only son."

"Oh, I do not ask that!" said the magician. "That king me a loaf of bread and a cake, kneaded and baked by the queen's own hand. Then the young prince shall go home free!"

"Is that all!" exclaimed the messengers, and they hurried home with joyful hearts. But the queen passed the flour through a sieve, kneaded it, molded a loaf and a cake of it, and as soon as the fire had lighted the fire in the oven to bake the dough, but as she was not accustomed to this work, she did not take the bread and cake out of the oven soon enough, and they were burnt.

Now, when the magician set eyes on the spoiled cake he made an angry grimace, and cried: "Good for the dogs!" at the same time throwing them to his shepdog, who greedily devoured them both at once.

However, the queen did not lose patience, and once more she began sifting the flour, kneading and molding the dough. Then again she lighted with her own hand the fire in the oven, so that the dough should bake. But, alas! this time she took it out of the oven too soon, with the result that the bread and cake were not nearly done.

When the magician saw this batch, he wrinkled his brow and cried: "Good for the dogs!" and threw them again to his sheepdog to eat.

Now, the queen took the greatest possible pains, and stood day and night by the oven, in order to learn how to bake bread properly. But in the course of one of the oven either burnt or not done enough; and the poor king's son remained a prisoner with the magician.

Then the king, in this dire extremity, called together all the cleverest people in his whole kingdom to ask their advice.

"Your sacred majesty," one of them said, "I have found a means. The queen may sift the flour, knead and prepare the dough, but Tizzoncini shall heat the oven and do the baking. Perhaps the magician will not notice it."

"Excellent, excellent!" all the rest cried, as if with one voice.

And this advice was followed. But scarcely had the magician set eyes on the batch than he wrinkled his brow and cried: "Pahe bread and cake is brought once more. Wash your face, I command you!"

And again he threw them to the dog. He had at once noticed that Tizzoncini, with the sooty face, had had her hands in the baking.

"Now," said the very cleverest of all the king's advisers, "there is only one way left."

"And that is?" asked the king, while drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, in his anxiety.

"The king's son must marry Tizzoncini. Only then can the magician have his bread and his cake as he wishes them, namely, sifted, kneaded and baked by the queen's own hand. Only then will the young king obtain his liberty again."

"That is just the will of heaven!" cried the king. "For did not the old woman always sing:

"Dearest Sunbeam, dearest Sunbeam,
If it cool in beg'ring,
Never fear!
Dearest Sunbeam, dearest Sunbeam,
Some day the King will make you his Queen!"

And with his own hand he drew up a royal letter which should make known in all countries that the king's son and Tizzoncini were man and wife.

The magician now had what he wanted, and the king's son was set at liberty. But he would not have anything to do with Tizzoncini.

"What!" he cried out, indignantly, 'this dirty, sooty wench, this ugly oven sweep, is to become my wife and queen? Never, never!"

But it could not be helped. The royal decree, signed by the king's own hand, had been published, and only the king himself could annul it.

Tizzoncini had removed to the palace as queen. But nothing could induce her to wash her face, comb her hair, change her dirty garments or put on a pair of shoes.

"When the king's son comes I will dress myself!" she said again and again.

At last the young king appeared. But how horrified he was when he saw Tizzoncini from a distance.

"I would rather die than have her for my wife!" he exclaimed, with a shudder.

When the magician saw this he chuckled. Tizzoncini also laughed aloud and said: "He will come, he will come!"

(Continued on fifteenth page.)

WATCH & REVOLVER FREE

The Genl's Elegant Stem Wind, Richly Engraved Watch with 5th grad jnate Chain and Charm. Handsome Nickel Plated Revolver, 32 or 38 Centre fire, self cocking, making a new combined of nothing but the gold and fine German silver, beautifully finished, warranted to wear for 5 years, and to keep correct time, fitted with the celebrated filled cases, fitted with good grade patent 7 stem set works, stem wind, stem set, engraved dial, nickel finish, appearance to a $20 watch. You can examine perfectly and compare it with any watch you see, and if not satisfactory and for all dollars the same, we will sell for double the cost of whole package 6,000 packages sold in one year. All we ask is that you call for package at office and try to get orders for same, and if you do this and return to give perfect satisfaction, we will present you with the watch and revolver free. We send by express, C. O. D. subject to examination, you to pay express agent $3.97 on delivery of package and if you can duplicate this watch and revolver for less money than $20.00 send it back at our expense and we will pay you $5.00 for your trouble. We send by express with privilege to examine before you buy. We would refer you to any bank in Chicago as to our reliability. Address THE WORLD'S EXCHANGE CO., 170 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

ANY ARTICLE IN THIS LOT

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SILK REMNANTS FOR CRAZY WORK

A big package of beautiful Silk Remnants, from 100 to 150 pieces, all carefully trimmed, prepared from a large accumulation of short lengths of fine fancy silks, many of which were given away with each piece of silk and the remnants are all large ones, in most beautiful colors and designs. With each assortment is free scales of the very best Crazy Stitch, in assorted colors. Send 10 cents in silver or stamps and we will mail you one. N. Y. CITY SILK CO., 26 Vesey St., New York.

This concern is reliable and the package of silk is worth more than the money.

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BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guarantee on bottle. Sold by Druggists.

BIG G is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, or ulceration of mucous membranes.

Sold by Druggists,

or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.00, or 3 bottles for $2.75. Circulars mailed on request.

BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guarantee on bottle. Sold by Druggists. BIG G EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U.S.A.

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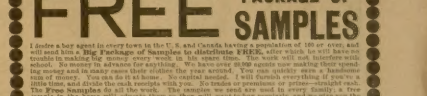
TEA SET FREE

56 PIECES.



Full size for family use, beautifully decorated & most artistic design. A rare chance. You can get this handsome set in one day at your home, without interfering with your duties. We want what we say & will give this beautiful tea set absolutely free to any one who will assist us in introducing our Vegetable Pills, as per our special offer. Send 10 cents for sample box of pills & full particulars. Don't delay, but write to-day. When sold as the pills will be, you can have silver plated tea spoons together with one pint of a fine quality tea all absolutely free. Remember this is a genuine offer. Address, enclosing 10 cents in silver or stamps, THE MEDICUS CHEMICAL CO., Dept. P, 323 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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FREE PACKAGE OF SAMPLES

I desire a boy agent in every town in the U. S. and Canada having a population of 100 or over, and will send him a **Big Package of Samples to distribute FREE,** after which he will have no trouble in making big money every week in his spare time. The work will not interfere with school. No money in advance for anything. We have over 30,000 agents now making their spending money, and many more have written us during the year ended. You can make one hundred dollars of money. You can do it at home. No capital needed. I will furnish everything if you're a live boy and mean business. Write me each remnant of your spare time and I will explain how to do it. The **Free Samples** do all the work. The samples we send are used in every family a few times each year, and when they see them they will send you their order. I am the only agent in the world who will start a boy in business on this plan. Don't write me unless you mean business. Don't write me unless you are willing to work hard for yourself and, or we would not send free package of samples to you. Don't write me unless you are honest. Remember my agents are all boys and they are entitled to keep the money all for themselves. After they distribute or sell their first lot of samples, they buy their own goods, of all the money they take in. Any boy can make at least **20 Cents an Hour** while actually working. We deliver everything free at your post office.

I have not told you what you are to handle and I am not going to. If we have confidence enough in you to send you what we have to sell without knowing you or making you for any deposit, we have confidence enough to believe a good boy can make money handling anything in this town with it. Now, if you will improve this opportunity to make big money I assure you I will appreciate your action. Address, CHARLES J. JONES, Manager, Department 4, 115 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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CUT THIS OUT.

MR. C. J. JONES, Chicago, Ills.:

I saw your boy agent advertisement. I am.....years old. Our town has.....population. I agree to distribute samples to be sent me, and accept agency and keep 40 per cent of all cash taken in for my share.

My Name.....

Town.....State.....

With first lot of samples I will send you full instructions for agents, blanks, return envelopes, etc., all free. Don't write unless you mean business. A good boy can make big money. Any boy may see this and answer first. Send in a plainly addressed envelope the blank you see, or send postal with your name and address.

CHARLES J. JONES, Manager, Department 4, 115 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

SAPOLIO

IS THE PROPER THING FOR HOUSE-CLEANING

THE MAN THAT WOMEN WRITE TO.

There's a man in Buffalo who has, without doubt, a larger number of woman correspondents than any other person, man or woman, in the entire country. And yet not one in a thousand of the women who write have ever seen the man they write to. For after all it's not the man they write to but the physician. There's no sex in medicine. The physician with this extensive correspondence is Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Undoubtedly Doctor Pierce owes his great popularity among women to his many and wonderful cures of that class of diseases known as "female troubles." To the treatment and cure of these diseases he has given over thirty years of his professional life, and has established himself as the specialist par excellence in the treatment of diseases distinctive of women.

The esteem in which Dr. Pierce is held by women is not to be wondered at when it is known that in the thirty years, and over, in which he has given attention to woman's diseases, he has, aided by his staff of nearly a score of experienced and skilled specialists, treated over half a million women, and with such success that ninety-eight out of every hundred treated have been absolutely and altogether cured.

Doubtless there are other reasons why multitudes of women consult Dr. Pierce by letter and not the least among such reasons women would set down the friendly, even fatherly advice which the age and experience of Dr. Pierce enable him to give as supplemental to the advice and instructions of the physician. Women, also, are not slow to remember that Dr. Pierce, through his method of consultation by correspondence saves the physician to other than his offices examinations, and the local treatments generally inseparable from the treatment of diseases of women by personal practitioners.

Of course, Dr. Pierce has had many imitators, who steal the terms which his advertisements have made familiar to use them as their "catch-words," and so to draw the attention of women in their direction. The most noticeable feature of these imitations is that women with dangerous diseases are urged to consult by letter some one who is not a physician, and has neither the educational ability nor the legal right to treat disease. And sometimes, because it is impossible for these advertisers to lay claim to the title of physician, they raise a clamor about the "woman in the case" is a mere figurehead, a stalking horse to shuttlecock the man who preys on woman's confidence. An example of the peculiarly preposterous claims made by these people, is found in the claim that a "man can't understand a woman" just because he is a man. The only way in which this can be interpreted as true is by accepting the statement in its bare literalness as of man and woman. But it is to be noticed that there is a vast difference when you qualify the terms man and woman by the term physician. How easy it would be for such advertisers to say, "write to a woman physician because a man physician cannot understand a woman, just because he is a man." How easy it would be to do this if the "woman" who invites correspondence could or dared write *M. D.* after her name, and even then, how pregnant the statement would remain. For two thousand years the practice of medicine has been entirely in the hands of men, as it is in general today. Woman in medicine is a new thing, so new that she has not entered to any known extent into the field of surgery. Whatever any woman practitioner has learned of medicine, she must have learned in schools, taught by men, and from books written by men. What a paradox therefore is presented in the claim that the man who has taught woman all she knows about medicine, does not know anything about medicine himself.

Women who are educated in medicine would be the first to laugh at such statements. It's only the woman of the advertisements, the "woman" for revenue only, and who is not a physician, who can afford to make such amazing and ridiculous claims.

But this side issue has led us somewhat afield from Dr. Pierce and his great host of women correspondents. To these the doctor stands a sort of father confessor of things physical. Every letter is read privately, answered privately, and it contents guarded as sacredly as becomes such confessions. And as many women are naturally sensitive about their ailments even the replies are mailed, carefully and securely sealed in a perfectly plain envelope, without printing or advertising upon it, that there may be no third party to this correspondence.

Any sick woman can have the benefit of consultation by letter with Dr. Pierce absolutely without fee or charge of any kind.

More than half a million invalid women have been successfully treated by Doctor Pierce, aided by his staff of skilled specialists through the medium of correspondence. In this way disagreeable questionings and abhorrent examinations and local treatments" are avoided.

The world at large knows of Doctor Pierce, chiefly as the inventor of the two well-known remedies, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. And it is probably the case, that in general, Dr. Pierce's remedies are classed with all the other "patent medicines," and Dr. Pierce himself ranked with those "doctors" whose degrees are purely honorary or assumed, and no more stand for medical knowledge or experience, than the familiar title of "Major" in some sections of out country, signifies that the bearer of it is familiar with siege and battle. Dr. Pierce does not belong to the class of doctors whose titles are by courtesy only. He is a doctor by choice, a doctor by education, a doctor by practice and experience. He is more than that, for although there are no official grades and ranks in the medical profession as in the military, which are marked by titles and by chevrons, just as a man advances in the practice of medicine, as his knowledge becomes exact and certain, as his skill becomes developed and perfected, he achieves rank among his fellows and is held in honor by the public. Such rank Dr. Pierce has achieved, and as a specialist in the treatment of diseases of women he stands at the head of the profession in the United States.

Dr. Pierce's remedies differ from most medicines, in the fact that they contain no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant, and are absolutely free from opium and every other narcotic drug. For no other medicine prepared exclusively for the use of women, as is "Favorite Prescription," can such a claim be truthfully made.

The difference between Dr. Pierce's establishment and all "patent medicine" establishments is very remarkable, and is apparent at once to every person who has had the opportunity of actually comparing Dr. Pierce's laboratory with that of any other institution. For instance, since Dr. Pierce has advertised to give free consultation by letter, many have imitated the advertisements and make an exactly similar offer. As far as the advertisements go they make just as good a showing as Dr. Pierce. But go to these other establishments and ask to see the "doctor," who gives medical advice, and you'll find, nine times out of ten, that there is no doctor connected with the establishment. Where there is a doctor he is probably some medical failure, selling his professional title to the medicine firm for a small consideration. Compare this with Dr. Pierce's institution, the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with its staff of nearly a score of graduated and experienced doctors, busy every day in actual practice. Its great special laboratory and dispensary, from which special medicines and auxiliary treatment are sent out daily to all parts of the country, its hospital with its surgical and mechanical appliances and operating rooms. In such a comparison you see at a glance that there is no institution equal to Dr. Pierce's in the whole country; that for anyone else to offer what he offers, is to promise what cannot be performed; that no other institution has equal facilities for the treatment of chronic diseases.

In the work of the World's Dispensary, and Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, there is real philanthropy as well as real medical and surgical skill. The best recognition of the philanthropic aspect of this work comes from the citizens of Buffalo, Dr. Pierce's home town, who elected him State Senator, and later gave him a seat in Congress. From the latter position Dr. Pierce resigned before the expiration of his term. That he should prefer to give up a high and honorable position in the councils of the Nation, to serve the sick, is conclusive evidence of his devotion to their interests and of love for his profession. Perhaps we can offer our readers no better summing up of Dr. Pierce and his work than that of President Garfield, who said, "He is one of the best men in the world, and he is at the head of one of the best institutions in the world."

Dr. R. V. Pierce and some of the prominent specialists of his staff.

THREE QUESTIONS.

By Ida Rowe

Heart, proud heart, what will you do in the Spring of '98?
"I will joy in the joy of Living, the strength of strife.
I will walk in the pride of youth, by the light of mine eyes,
And say life I'll prize."

Heart, dear heart, what will you do if the hand you love
Is cold and still in the Land of Death, where it cannot move
To help you more?—"I shall weep—but forget my pain
When we meet again!"

Heart, poor heart, one question more—what If the heart you loved to another turned—for- getting you?
"I should drop away—if he were happy, for his dear sake,
And break."

Her Talents Not Wasted.

"That's" observed a friend of the family, "is a very superior woman. She can converse intelligently, I believe, on a thousand different topics."

"Yes," sighed her husband, "and she does."

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING

A $7.00 CAPE for $2.98

for the privilege of examining and securing yourself one of these capes. We have taken 50 of the BIGGEST BARGAIN ever heard of. Made in latest style of genuine Astrakhan cloth, trimmed with best quality black astrakan, 24 inches long, trimmed around collar and front with same black curly fur. Lined throughout with well worth $7.00 Cheaper $2.98

Give neck and chest measure when ordering. Will send C.O.D. to try it on and if you find it worth $7.00 as represented and

Cheaper Than Any Other House Dares to Sell; pay the agent $2.98 and express charges when it arrives. If you prefer we will forward cape by mail upon receipt of price and express charges. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

FREE our beautifully illustrated Catalogue No. 17, of Capes, Jackets, Suits, Skirts, Furs, Children's Clothing, etc., the finest Fashion Catalogue in the country and free for the asking.

M. PHILIPSBORN, 130 State St., Chicago

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MARRIAGES Guaranteed; rich, estate. Paper Free. Lock Box 1416, Houston, Texas.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CATALOGUE RUBBER GOODS of every kind. Free. Eclectic Rubber & Oil, Toledo, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"ALL COOKS LOOK ALIKE" but—they don't. Ours is the best. Send for circular.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledgers

100 Gold, Silver, Nickel and Copper Coins, also Stamps, Curios, Relics, etc., for sale. Send 10c. for list and 2 cent stamp. Numismatic Co., 1 Nassau St., Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SOCIETY GOODS AND DIPNEEDLES For Initiating Lost Treasures, Gold and Silver, Circulars FREE. Address S. S. STAFFER, 41 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

Mention the Chicago Ledger.

DYSPEPSIA INDIGESTION, HEART-BURN and Troubles quickly removed by **PYLORALYSIN.** Sample box free by mail or Druggists. Every drug is a specific in itself. Pyloralysin and Book, 50c. **Franklin Hart, Dept. 120 New York.**

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SILK DRESS FREE

A splendid lining of guaranteed fast color and established likeness of himself or herself, or any member of the family, if you are offering for sale any article, description, handsome silk dresses full length for ladies, and full suits for men, boys and children, and will be pleased to furnish a sample, also to show it with the paper. If you wish to take advantage of above—this Extraordinary but most liberal 14 cts. silver or stamps to pay forwarding charges, and we will send you the paper 4 weeks and the picture free. Address **Home Publishing Co., N. Y. City.** P. S. The above offer is done good for thousands of dollars, and only to those who have answered our advertisement. All others will be disappointed.

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ELGIN WATCHES

and American Gold Filled Cases Warranted 20 years, with the Keystone Watch Case Co. stamp on the inside of the case. **Bargains** before you buy. Send for our Catalogue and see what we can sell you for. Our prices and offers will astonish you. Send us your name on a postal card and we will send you by return mail, free, our Catalogue containing a description of these beautiful 14k gold finished watches, and explaining our system of selling them direct to you at wholesale prices. Any watch in our catalogue sent to any express office in the United States for examination before you buy. Write us to-day and you will find the most satisfactory deal you ever made. Address **DIAMOND JEWELRY CO.** 92 and 94 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PUZZLE

FIND THE PRINCESS.

The above picture shows many men and boys in the woods one of whom is the Princess. She is hid in the brush. She is the longest figure in the picture. Can you find her? Any person sending us the correct answer, with name and address, will receive by return mail a handsome present absolutely free. We do this to introduce our publications. Send your answer at once. Address **Publishing Department, No. 1, 115 Chicago Ave., Chicago, Illinois.**

Number 1 is an oval color stick of smoky pin. Tiffany style setting, beautiful and unique as to design. Price 25c.

No. 2 is a pendant stick pin. It has an oval stone mounted solitaire on one end and a ball on the other. Price 25c.

No. 3 is a fine stick pin of scarf pin. The head and point are set with brilliant gem. Price 25c.

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No. 7 is a fine lace-pin. It has an oval stone mounted in the head and a small brilliant gem. Price 25c.

Send us 25c for any number you desire and we will send you the article in the picture. Send in your order for the article(s) as soon as you see it, for we are determined, you are at liberty to return the article and we will refund your money.

The above picture of watch is taken the exact size of the watch we furnish for 50c. This watch is a very handsome watch, and we will have the largest assortment of any Chicago concern in the United States. Address

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, CHICAGO.

Save Building.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WHERE WISDOM FAILED.

(Continued from page seven.)

Presently the doctor said: "I'm trying to think out a bad case. You are doing beautifully, but this other case——"

"Where is it?" asked the patient as his heart flew back to its proper place and the troublesome pains vanished.

"At River Crag."

"Is it the old man?"

The doctor shook his head, finished the prescription and went back to Ross, leaving the patient something to think of.

"Let me give you a glass of milk," Rose said when they stopped under the silken bushes at her own gate. "Aunt Dorcas is away."

Leon followed her up the steep walk. It was all as quiet and restful with the drowsy hum of the old mill and the cool spinsh of the water.

The glass of milk meant a dainty lunch with Rose on the pretty vine-shaded porch, and that was something Leon had never been able to obtain since the time the old miller had gone down with a chill and the young doctor had come to care for him. It was then that the honest miller had begun to look upon the young man's visits as something more than mental, and Rose had given him her heart.

Only Aunt Dorcas looked askance at the doctor and discouraged his intimacy with Rose. Rose was talking about this now. Leon was saying:

"It is too bad that I have not found favor in Miss Daly's eyes. What can I do to win this charming lady's regard?"

"Must you win it?" asked Rose.

"Yes."

"She says that—that I am not of the people you really care for, and that you only come because——"

"Because what?"

"Ah, how can I go on? She thinks that I care for you and that you do not love me. That is, she fears it may come to that. I have been cowardly, Leon, and have let her—that"—very softly—"that I love you."

"Rose, you have made me glad," he said. "It must be hard for you. It won't be so always. We'll show them some day, won't we, Rose? You trust me, don't you, little one?"

It was only after he was gone that she thought of the things he ought to have said to her, and the little fear that had today found lodgment in her heart began to grow.

The cloud that had risen in Rose Daly's clear sky was no larger than a woman's hand when it first appeared, but a different girl who watched it from a window under the eaves of the miller's cottage.

And in the darkness of the room under the low sweeping eaves Leon was asking for news from River Crag.

"The little girl will hardly pull through. You were right, Leon. Only——"

"But the other, Miss MacGregor?"

"Yes, here is the really interesting case. If I had my life before me as you have, my boy, I should devote it to nervous diseases —diseases of the mind. There is nothing in the science——"

"Yes, sir, I quite agree with you, but how is she now? What did you find out?"

"Nothing. I am puzzled."

Doctor Blount quietly left the office and an hour later the new maid at River Crag with a light shawl thrown over her head shut hand and a note in the other beckoned Dorothy from the garden gate.

Dorothy had barely seen Archibald, but the firm clasp of his hand and the low ring of his voice had brought hope to her heart. Everything must come right now that Archibald was here. He brought with him something of the open, matter-of-fact world, and that is all she knew of it like a whiff of fresh air in a close room.

Dorothy felt safe about Leon. The visit of the old doctor had led her to believe that Leon knew of Archibald's presence.

"What is it, Marie?" she asked, and the girl slipped the note into her hand.

Dorothy read it with a quick look at the dimly-lighted room. Mrs. Hodges had changed her travel-stained dress and was sitting by the bed.

"Do you know where Mr. Strong is now?" she asked.

"With Mrs. Walling and Reuel."

Dorothy turned the note over in her head and went out. The moonflowers were gleaming about the gate hedge when she reached it.

Leon came forward to meet her.

"I was so uneasy. How is she, Dolly?"

"She is not any better. Oh, Leon, why have you done such a thing? Archibald is—dreadful for us and for you."

"But worst of all for her. And I am not to see her again unless you can manage it."

"Then you have seen him? What will he do?"

"Nothing if I make myself scarce——"

"You will, you will go away and leave Shirley alone?"

"It may come to that. Is she more like herself?"

"Hardly. She talks about strange things —of murder and—it may be your sudden appearance. Was she herself when she met you the night before last?"

She was well, charming, beautiful. What can have happened, Dolly?"

"Alas, who can tell. I am glad that Archibald has come. He is clear common sense."

A footstep startled her.

"Dorothy, is that you?" The step approached. In the moonlight at the end of the hedge Dorothy saw the form of Archibald Strong. Utterly ignoring her companion, he took the trembling girl's dress from about his arm.

"A little walk will do you good, but this is bad for you." Then chatting pleasantly he walked away with her and she wondered if he had really not seen Leon at all.

It was only when they were near the house that he laid his hand over hers as it rested on his arm, and said quietly:

"Don't do it again, Dorothy. It isn't best and you must not."

She went in then, for he left her at once. Looking back at the tall, square-shouldered figure, she whispered to herself:

"Why cannot she love him?" and then her limbs trembled and her heart grew cold. Archibald Strong was going back to the bridge.

(To be continued next week.)

WHO KILLED HER?

(Continued from page three.)

"But I did tell him," replied Corianne. "I told him that I knew Blanche committed the murder."

Corianne's woman's spite and jealousy, thought Sanford. "The very worst thing she could have done. Well, what did Carroll Marston say?" he asked.

"Why, he made a pretense of treating my assertion with contemptuous incredulity," replied Corinne, with flashing eyes. "He would not admit that he saw Blanche Rutherford leaving her aunt's room on the night of the murder."

Sanford detective smiled grimly.

"Certainly not," he said. "And if it be as you declare, you have him doubly on his guard. I wonder it has not occurred to her," thought Sanford, "that Carroll Marston may be an accomplice of the girl. He had as much to gain from Miss Marston's death as Blanche herself. Well, I'll see if he is doing there at the door at that time of night."

"I am sorry if I have made a mistake," Corianne was saying.

"Well, it cannot be remedied now," said Sanford, as he rose to his feet. "I will look about me and again to-morrow if there are any developments."

He took his departure.

"Well, this bids fair to be a rather complicated case," mused the detective, as he walked slowly away from the house. "If I am to credit the written report on my face, I saw it upon the face of Miss Marston's most respectable butler. What did that fellow mean when he spoke of the thousand pounds he had paid to Miss Marston? It was but known that Miss Marston had any money in her room that night. In fact, it was generally believed she had not. Well; the first thing I shall do is to seek an interview with the man I saw conversing with Johnson, and to ascertain who he is, and where to find him."

(To be concluded next week.)

LITTLE SUNBEAM.

(Continued from thirteenth page.)

The king's son heard this, and fell into a most terrible passion. Seizing his dagger, he ran against Tizzonini's door in order to cut off her head. But the door was bolted on the inside, and when the king's son knocked through the keyhole he let the dagger fall out of his hand from sheer astonishment. For in the room stood a girl whose face was more beautiful and whose figure was more stately than any he had ever seen in the royal family. Besides those who stood there before his astonished and dazzled eyes.

"Open the door, my queen!" he cried out, just like a madman. "Open the door!"

But Tizzonini sang mockingly on the other side of the door: "Dirty, nasty wench!"

"Open the door, Queen of my Heart!"

But Tizzonini sang mockingly on the other side of the door: "Ugly cross sweep!"

"Open the door, Princess!" cried the young king now implored.

Then Tizzonini opened, and the young king and Tizzonini embraced one another. Now all the bells in the land were rung. Splendid wedding feasts were celebrated, and the king's son and his consort lived for many years happily and contentedly together.

Hard Luck.

A poor little fellow called Vaughan
Was playing one day on the laughan.
He spied a whirlabout sign
Took him up to the skiah.
And none could tell where he had goughan.

Don't Brood Over Trouble.

When trouble comes it is folly to sit down and brood over it. No situation was ever improved in that way. Great emergencies call for great strength of spirit and for great activity. The harder the pressure the more is the reason why you should play the waiter. If you once give up and waste a little repining the energy that ought to be spent in active, cheerful effort, then you might as well die. Your case, let it be as difficult as it may, is no worse than that of thousands of others who have, nevertheless, kept a stout heart and won the day. God is simply putting you to the test in order to determine the quality of your manhood. He has no evil designs against you. All that He needs or suffers to come will turn out for your good, if you will only accept it in the right spirit.

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snow-storm.

No need of this snowstorm.

As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes farther than this: it prevents their formation.

It has all other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more: it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write to the doctor about it. He will be glad to advise you. Don't let your gratitude for what you have got from the Vigor stop there.

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

YOUR BUST ENLARGED 6 INCHES. Failure impossible. 1000 Testimonials. Particulars sealed 4c. Dr. Jules Bonnet, Dept. 1, 1931 Lawrence Ave., Chicago.

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Couldn't Help Counting.

"Does it strike?" asked the man who was buying a clock.

"Certainly," replied the salesman; "it—"

"Take it away," broke in the intending purchaser.

"It has a very soft, musical tone," urged the salesman. "Nothing loud or brassy about it, you know."

"Can't help it. I don't want anything that strikes."

"Nearly all the handsome parlor clocks are made to strike," persisted the salesman, "but of course you needn't wind up the striking part."

"Ah! That's different," said the intending purchaser. "Let me look at it again. You see, the trouble with me is that I have acquired the counting habit. Did you ever acquire the counting habit?"

The salesman didn't think he had, but as he didn't know just what the counting habit was, he wasn't sure.

"I don't know just how I acquired it," explained the intending purchaser, "but I presume at some time that I don't recall distinctly how I had to rely upon a clock striking the hour to know the time. It takes very little to fasten a habit upon one, and in a short time I found myself doing it mechanically.

"No matter where I was, or what I was doing, the moment a clock began to strike I would begin to count the strokes. In fact, I would have counted three or four before I became conscious of what I was doing, and I would have to keep it up to the end.

"I tried to break myself of it, but it was no use. I would wake up in the night counting the strokes. When in conversation, I would stop in the middle of a sentence if the clock began to strike. It would even interfere with my thoughts if I were alone in the room.

"So long as a clock is striking it chains my attention, and I can break away from it only by a supreme and most apparent effort. It's not that I want to know the time; it's merely habit. That's why I want a clock that doesn't strike."

Eighteen Witticisms.

A Pittsburg milkman committed suicide the other day. Somebody must have plugged up the hydrant.

"Papa, why do they call language the mother tongue?" "Because the father seldom gets a chance to use it."

Homekeep—Ever drink any of these substitutes for coffee? Daybord—I haven't drank anything else for seven years.

Nurse (to husband)—A beautiful ten-pound baby, sir. Young Husband—Glorious! Am I to father or a mother?

"So you went out driving with your new beau, Susie, and I expect he read your heart like a book?" "Yes, mother; he read between the lines."

He (at parting)—Oh, Edith! You have broken my— She (interrupting)—Not your heart, surely? He (softly)—No my whole pocketful of cigars.

Clara—I suppose the brightest moment in your life was when Jack proposed? Cora—Brightest? There wasn't a particle of light in the room.

The latest cure for dyspepsia is going without your breakfast. The peculiarity of this remedy is that no man is so poor but that he can receive treatment.

Kansas woman tried to shoot a physician she had called in to attend her. The doctor probably told her there was nothing the matter with her.

Mellie, it is said, has $100,000 worth of gowns, but we will venture to say that altogether they do not possess as many pockets as a $5.50 suit of men's clothes.

Fair Shopper—Yes, it's a pretty color; but why do you call it "Boy Messenger" blue? Shopman—Because we will guarantee madam, that it will never run.

"Young Avenue has got a place in a dry goods furnishing store." "I thought he was too sleepy to do business." "Oh, they'll put him in the night shirt department."

"For your son's performance on the French horn is execrable. It will drive everybody from my house. You told me he was a teacher." "I did not. I said he was a tooter."

Queen Victoria, it is stated, has given up the use of wine. We, therefore, conclude that somebody must have warned her that she would die young if she persisted in taking it.

"Pore Jim was always mighty good to me," sobbed the weeping widow. "With all the beatin's he gimme, he never hit me where the marks would show so the neighbors could see 'em."

"What do you admire most in my new dress?" she asked those who were praising it. "Just what's in it now," answered the veteran beau of forty gay seasons, as he blew her a kiss.

Music as a cure for insanity is being experimented with in this state. We suppose popular airs are prescribed in mild cases, while Wagner is relied upon for the treatment of acute mania.

First Detective—The finding of that man's body in a reservoir was what might be expected after all. Second Do—How so? First Do—They say he made a tank of himself before he fell in.

Do You Think This Is True?

Seven years ago a farmer ..ng west of Webster City, Iowa, hung his vest on the fence in the barnyard. A calf chewed up a pocket in the garment in which was a standard gold watch.

Last week the animal, a staid old milch cow, was butchered for beef, and the timepiece was found in such a position between the lungs of the cow that the process of respiration, the closing in and filling the lungs, kept the stemwinder wound up and the watch had lost but four minutes in the seven years.

Badinage and Bracers.

A Drug on the Market.

If Hobson should run short of wind logs Colorado would be mightily pleased to purify her political atmosphere by shipping him a few, freight prepaid.

In a Nutshell.

"They make a pretty good imitation butter now out of peanuts."

"That looks like running the business into the ground."

How It Was.

Mistress—How was it that I saw a policeman hugging you in the kitchen last night?

Maid—I don't know, mum, unless you was peekin' through the keyhole.

His Infant Prodigy.

Yeast—There's a lady pianist at the museum who plays with her toes.

Crimsonbeak—Umph! That's nothing; my baby does that.

She—Do you really think that Baskers cares much for his wife?
He—Cares for her? He doles on her. Scores of times I've known him to make faces for his wife when she had to take nasty tasting medicine.

Penetrative Sweetness.

To press a rose
Against your nose,
And smell with all your might
The odor sweet—
Ah, what a treat!
What ravishing delight!

And then, again,
Be careful when
You make the press. You see,
There often grows
Within the rose
A little honey-bee.

Mrs. Googan's Carelessness.

Mrs. Googan—Paddy, out ov the twelve eggs ye brought home lasht night, but five was good.

Mr. Googan—Phil, let me have the bad wans and O'll take them back to the Dootch grocer.

Mrs. Googan—Sure and Oi can't, fur phin Oi bhroke thim and found thim bad Oi frew thim away.

Mr. Googan—Phil, phat the devil did ye want to bruke tdhim for? If ye hadn't, Oi could have takin thim back and got good wans instheud.

In Days of Old.

"A word to the wise," said Socrates gravely, "is sufficient."

Xantippe was evidently annoyed at the interruption, but she continued her remarks for twenty-three minutes. Then the great Athenian made another observation in the Greek tongue, which may be freely translated thus:

"Philosophy don't seem to cut much ice."

Left the Job for Jones.

Brown—I am going to give Bilkins a good licking when I see him!

Jones—So am I.

Brown (meeting Bilkins an hour later)—How do you do, old fel'? By the way, Jones wants to see you.

Revised Cognomen.

Mrs. Tenspot—Why do you call your son Trolley? Isn't that a very odd name?

Mrs. Crewe Doyle—His name is really Oscar, but 'cos cars are things of the past, you know.

Outclassed.

He wasn't in it with the ladies,
From his girl he got the sack,
For this student had no foot-ball hair
Hanging down his back.

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